

Children's Newspaper, December 18, 1926

Have You Seen the Children's Museum  
In the Children's Treasure House?

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WHAT A WOMAN DID FOR AFRICA

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### THE WISDOM OF THE ROOK

#### A CONFERENCE IN A TREE

Why the Birds Left Their Old  
Yorkshire Home

#### THE BRANCH THAT FELL

When the cautious rooks of a rookery near Wakefield went last spring to examine their old house in the elm it did not satisfy them.

Before bringing in the furniture for the nest they cawed in all the rook surveys of the district, and these, together with many rook architects of the old school, went all over the branch of the elm which had been selected for nest-building operations, and held conferences about it that were long and, if one could judge by the noise they made, of a very animated character.

The talk lasted two days, and then the old tenants, instead of putting in new nests, pulled down all the old ones and went in a body to seek more eligible residences elsewhere.

#### A Tremendous Crash

Why did they do that? Spring went and summer came. The swaying elm covered itself with leaves. A child was born in the house the elms shaded, and a little time afterwards new baby rooks began to clamour to be fed in other trees. But nothing happened to account for the departure of the rooks from the elm where so many of their families had been brought up.

Then one day, when the baby girl was being wheeled in her perambulator along the drive beneath the elms, there was a loud crack in the abandoned tree, and without other warning a splintered branch came down with a tremendous crash. It missed the nurse and the baby by only a few inches.

The branch had been rotten all the year, and the rooks knew it. Perhaps they had been aware of the crack which might mean disaster at any moment.

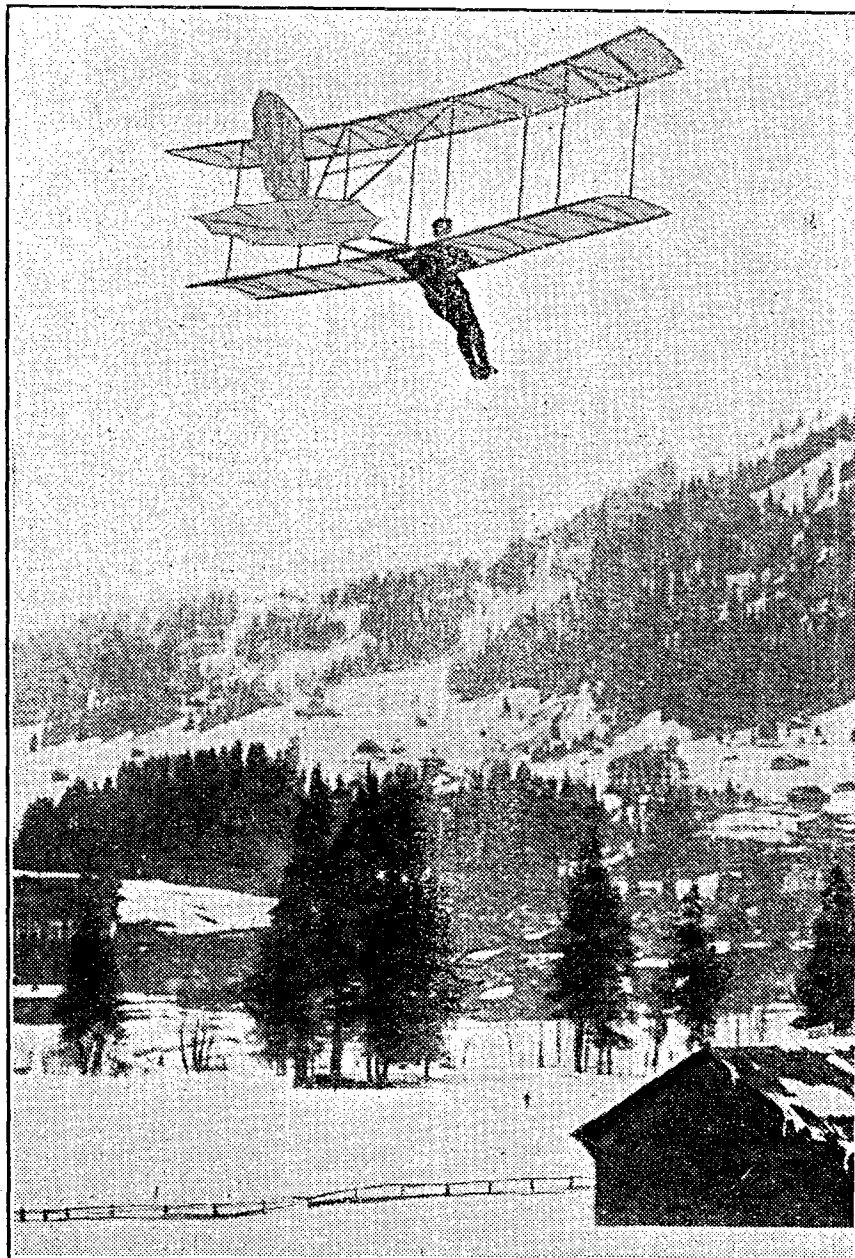
#### Inherited Wisdom

No human being could have discovered the crack from the ground, and only by climbing the tree and examining it could the flaw have been discovered. The rooks, taught by generations of inherited wisdom, may have become aware that there was something wrong by noticing the way in which the branch swayed in the wind.

Certain it is that, however high the gale, rooks are never caught in a tree which is dismantled by it. They choose always sound trees, and there are some kinds of trees in which they never build. The branch which is too stiff and unyielding for them is one which perhaps the sap has left, and which therefore will some time come crashing to the ground.

There is a saying that God builds the nest of the blind bird. He also teaches them where to build it.

### A Big Glide in the Alps



A new thrill has been added to the winter sports in Switzerland this year by the advent of the bird-man, who, by means of a glider, that is, an aeroplane without an engine, is able to jump farther than the most skilful man on skis. Here we see the glider in mid-air

### A CRY IN THE NIGHT

IN the sober pages of a public health report for the County of Westmorland is told a story of bravery and endurance which might have inspired the poet who wrote of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

But this was the tale of a midnight ride by a woman. It was the ride of a district nurse near Kendal to help a poor woman in a cottage in the hour of a woman's greatest need. This is the tale of it.

The nurse was summoned at night to a woman's bedside in a cottage nestling in a mountain valley. One of the early blizzards which reached Lakeland this winter was raging in the hills, and the roads were deep in drifted snow. No motor could take the nurse to her task. So this determined woman borrowed a horse and set out through the gale. It was too much for the horse, which

stumbled and at last stopped altogether. The nurse slipped off its back, struggled through the snow leading the horse, and at last got it to a farm by the side of the lake. Here she left the horse in a stable.

Then she set out again. To go on foot all the way through the hills on such a night was impossible. She found a boat, launched it, and in the pitch darkness rowed herself three miles along the shores of the lake. That led her to a path which would lead her to the cottage.

Once her foot was set on it the hardest part of her journey was over. It was still a rough and toilsome task, but she made light of it, and reached the cottage in time to help the woman who had begged for her aid.

Such was the story of the night. When the morning light came it shone in the eyes of a new little child!

### PICCADILLY JOY DAY

#### TARZAN HOLDS UP THE TRAFFIC

A Leap from a Basket and a  
Run About Town

#### CAUGHT BY A BANANA

For half an hour there was joy in Piccadilly. Tarzan did it. He is a jolly little South American chimpanzee, belonging to Mr. George Feltham, of Hounslow in Middlesex.

Mr. Feltham and Tarzan were making a journey which brought them out of the Underground at Piccadilly. Tarzan was in a large fruit-basket, and all the way in the Underground he imagined the lid was tied down as usual. For that matter, he had tried it several times, but without success.

There is nothing a monkey loves so much as imitating people, and when he saw two men strap-hanging he wanted to show them how he could do it. But the lid of the basket was in the way, so he stopped where he was.

#### Fun in Jermyn Street

Unknown to him, his wriggles and jerks had played tricks with the knot. When the lift doors clashed open Tarzan had another impulse. He tried to play lift doors with his basket, and discovered (oh joy!) that the lid was untied. Out he was in a twinkling, trailing the basket after him among the crowd. And then the fun began.

There was some excuse for people being a little scared. It is not often that a chimpanzee whirls out of the Piccadilly Tube, jabbering to himself and laughing at everybody. He knew Mr. Feltham was after him, and though he loved him dearly he felt that he would not love him any less for being at a distance, at any rate for a time.

Tarzan darted on to the roadway, right under the bonnet of a car. There was a sickening skid of several feet, and of several pounds in value off the brakes. But Tarzan emerged unhurt and started to play King of the Castle in the comparative peace of Jermyn Street.

#### The Banana and the Basket

His friend followed every move, and a great crowd gathered. Everybody, old and young, stopped to laugh, and forgot work and play and boredom and headaches for half an hour. They were really sorry when Mr. Feltham caught the basket. But that was not the end. He had not caught Tarzan.

Then came the banana. Tarzan has a prejudice against banana skins, and in order to peel a banana he has to use both hands and look at it. Down on him pounced the basket. He was caught. This time the lid was firmly tied on. Tarzan and his keeper passed on their way. The great block of traffic was released, and Piccadilly became bored and busy again.



## A CRACK BETWEEN TWO VILLAGES

### SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAINSIDE

Riviera Heroes at Three o'clock in the Morning

### DRAMATIC TELEPHONE MESSAGE

The disaster that swept down in the night on the village of Roquebillière, perched two thousand feet up on the mountainside thirty miles from Nice, has had tragic consequences.

Villages in this wild Alpine land of the Riviera cling to perilous heights where from a distance there scarcely seems foothold for a goat, and the villagers win a scanty livelihood from tiny terraced plots levelled with infinite labour on the steep incline, and kept in place by piled-up boulders and rocks. Such industry in such surroundings gives point to the name of Roquebillière, the Rock of the Bees!

### The Baker's Alarm

Another thousand feet above the Rock of the Bees is another village, also well named Belvedere, or Beautiful Outlook, and the people of Belvedere, from their outlook, saw a great fissure open in the mountainside between the two villages. The night before the disaster the Mayor of Belvedere telephoned down to his colleague of Roquebillière that the fissure was widening and that the ground was moving downward, but the village council was sure there was no danger, and went comfortably to bed.

But at three in the morning Gioval, the village baker, kneading the bread for the day in his bakehouse, heard a noise louder than thunder from the mountain above. He rushed out, and after calling his own family, but not waiting to see them safe, dashed from house to house shouting warnings of the avalanche coming on.

### Telephone Operator's Courage

Meanwhile the village constable, lying ill and wakeful in the tiny hospital, also heard the noise. Jumping from his bed, he waked the nurses and patients, and called the threatened villagers from their beds.

Mademoiselle Franchette Ciais, the telephone operator at Roquebillière, was on duty when the operator from Belvedere rang up and said "Run for your life! The mountain is falling!" Then the wire was cut by a rush of earth and rock. Instead of running away Mlle. Ciais went to the police and had the alarm sounded. She narrowly escaped being crushed in the ruins of a hotel which was smashed like a doll's house as she ran up the street.

### Avalanche of Mud and Trees

The landslide came with astounding violence. Enormous masses of earth, rock, mud, and uprooted trees came hurtling down. The 32 houses and the village hall in their path were completely swept away, and the hospital was missed by inches. The slide continued for nearly an hour. Yet in all this cataclysm less than thirty lives were lost, thanks to the devotion and presence of mind of the baker and the constable and the telephone girl. Many of the lost were bedridden and there was no time to get them out. One was an old man of 92; three were over 75, and nine were over 60.

The landslide destroyed the road to Belvedere, and the villagers had to be victualled by means of an aerial cable. Below in the valley is a large new mound of debris half a mile long.

## THE CHIEF SCOUT

### NOTABLE PEOPLE ON THE C.N. PROPOSAL

The Great Soldier Friend of Comradeship and Peace

### THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE EMPTY PEDESTAL

Much interest has been aroused by the C.N. suggestion that a statue of the Chief Scout should be placed on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square.

It is felt on all hands that no living man has rendered greater service to his generation, and to the generation that will follow him, than Sir Robert Baden-Powell. His service to the world has been unique, and it would be fitting that the recognition of it should be unique.

We have had many statues set up in our time to men of war. We have seen some monuments erected which are not entirely free from objection. There are monuments which seem to us in extremely bad taste and unworthy of the nation. But nobody could object to an exceptional national tribute to the founder of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and the C.N. leaves the idea to grow in the hope that it may flourish.

### C.B. on B.P.

We have received an appreciation of our suggestion from that great lover of boys and proud citizen of our land Commander C. B. Fry, who writes from the training-ship Mercury:

"Your idea that the Chief Scout should stand in bronze or stone on the vacant pedestal is excellent.

"Education is the greatest social function. Sir Robert Baden-Powell is a great educator in the widest sense.

"We do not honour our educators; we could not begin with a better example."

The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frank Dicksee, while leaving the form of a national tribute for others to decide, agrees as to the splendid work the Chief Scout has done for our country; and the Dean of Durham warmly agrees with him. Dean Welldon has read the C.N. article with much interest, and he sends us the following letter.

### Dr. Welldon and Mrs. Snowden

"Sir Robert Baden-Powell fully deserves some recognition of his wonderful service to the youth of the country and the Empire. Whether the recognition should take the form of a statue in Trafalgar Square or not seems to me an open question; the general idea has of late, I think, been that statues in Trafalgar Square should commemorate sacrifice or suffering as well as enterprise, and, if so, another site would be more appropriate to Sir Robert. But I wish you all success in your endeavour to ensure the perpetual remembrance of the work he has so splendidly done in the creation and multiplication of Scouts."

Mrs. Snowden, the wife of the famous Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour Government, writes that her sympathy with the idea of crowning the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square with a statue of the Chief Scout amounts to enthusiasm. There is no man living, says Mrs. Snowden, more deserving of such an honour than this great soldier friend of comradeship and peace.

### Sir Jesse Boot

Sir Jesse Boot, who writes to us from Brittany, shares the enthusiasm of Mrs. Snowden. He counts it one of the greatest privileges of his life to have known Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and he writes: "I most enthusiastically endorse your suggestion that the empty pedestal should be crowned by a statue of the Chief Scout. More than any other living man he deserves this honour, for I am convinced that his influence on the younger generation is unrivalled, and will live long after many generations have passed away."

## CRUELTY TO MAKE A HOLIDAY

### THE HUNTING STATE OF MIND

Why Should a Beautiful Creature be Allowed to Live? OLD ROME AND NEW DEVON

The C.N. has said what it thinks of the men who shoot captive pigeons at Monte Carlo, and of those who enjoy the spectacle of a tortured horse or bull in France or Spain. It is asked to say in what way such cruelty differs from the cruelty of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hunt, and it does not hesitate to say that it sees no difference. It believes that shooting pigeons, or fighting with bulls, or hunting frightened animals to their death, is mean cruelty, unworthy of the human race.

Lord Fortescue, chairman of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds Hunt Committee, is very indignant at the suggestion that there was any cruelty in the doing to death of a poor hind at Minehead, described not long ago in the C.N.

### The Stag's Point of View

The hind took to the sea as a refuge from the hounds, and some boatmen followed it and brought it in, when it was slaughtered on the quay. Would it have been kinder, the noble lord wonders, to let it drown? Perhaps not, but it would have been kinder to let it live. Is it really true that these creatures exist only to be butchered to make a hunter's holiday?

Of course, it may be very wrong to look at the affair from the point of view of the poor animal, but there have always been kill-sports who insist on humanity. Even in Imperial Rome these people were there. Most opportunely a newspaper correspondent has produced "a transcript of an altogether unpublished manuscript, discovered by a friend, no matter where," which is so remarkable a parallel to Lord Fortescue's letter that we set them out together.

### The Noble Lord's Defence

From the Chairman, Devon Stag Hunt Committee, 1926 A.D.

A deer when hunted always takes to water. Some boatmen captured the deer and brought it alongside the quay, where it was dispatched immediately. It is difficult to see how the condition of the deer would have been improved by leaving it to drown. Anyway, they did what appeared to them to be best.

There are, of course, many who desire to suppress all sport and, to further their views, will allege cruelty on every possible occasion. These people have not an open mind, and do not intend to be convinced; but to the fair-minded the very names of the members of the Hunt Committee are conclusive proof that the sport is carried on in accordance with the best traditions of the past, and without cruelty. Fortescue

### What Nero Might Have Said

From the Secretary, Imperial Palace, Rome, 100 A.D.

I am directed by the Master of the Imperial Games to acknowledge your letter referring to the illumination of the Circus by setting fire to the bodies of living Christians, British slaves, and others.

In every age there appear, alas! narrow-minded persons who desire to interfere with those manly sports which have made our world-wide empire what it is, and have maintained the old Roman virtue of our high-spirited patricians. The names of the patrons of the Games Committee afford sufficient proof to unbiased persons that our sports are conducted with all possible regard to humanity and respect for the best Roman traditions.

### O.P.Q. Severissimus Hypocriticus

We may leave it there, confident that the torture of animals will pass as the burning of Christians has passed. Time is on the side of those with gentle hearts.

## PUSSY IN THE ORGAN

### A Tale of the Cat Show

When Lady Alexander's cat was taken to the Crystal Palace Cat Show pussy took a dislike to the look of the company, and, escaping from her travelling basket, took the nearest way to the organ to avoid the crowd.

There, perched high above them, this exclusive cat sat in the organ loft, and heard, if she did not see, the efforts to get her down again. But pussy did not come down.

Night came on, the search was given up, but morning brought no lost cat down for breakfast. We suspect that this pedigree puss, who had led a sheltered life all her days, with fish for breakfast and every luxury, was reveling in a freedom which offered more mice to entertain her than she had ever known before. What is a cat show compared to a forest of organ pipes full of game?

So the cat show went on without her. Her mistress was distracted and offered a reward, but unfortunately no reward could reach the missing cat. The seekers put a saucer of food near the organ to tempt her out and to keep her from starving, though there was not much fear of that for a cat of such enterprise. Pussy stole out in the night, ate the food, and then disappeared. We hope all is now well.

## SOMETHING VERY GREAT HAS HAPPENED

### The New Thing in the Empire

Lord Balfour has been bidding God speed to the Duke of York on his visit to Australia, and this is what he said of the new thing that has come about in the British Empire.

The new thing was not that there was no control of the self-governing Dominions by the Mother Country; the new truth was that the self-governing portions of the British Empire now regarded themselves as elements in a great unity which did not depend on control, but did depend on common ideals and common beliefs.

It was very hard for some people to accept fully, freely, completely, and without reserve the idea that a great Empire could exist without control. In all other nations there was control; it might be democratic control, or the control of some absolute monarch or some ambitious adventurer, but there was always control.

For the first time we had now announced to all the world that we were an Empire of which the self-governing portions were united by something much greater and much more sublime than control. At last the British Empire was going to be what it was predestined to be.

## THINGS SAID

The Kingdom of God comes quietly.

Dean Inge

We can only work well if we rest well. A Nottinghamshire Schoolmaster

The man at leisure is the index to the real man. The British Weekly

Lifeboat men should be thin. Fat men might sink a boat.

From a School Essay

Only a thousand million minutes have passed since the birth of Christ.

Manchester Guardian

Lancashire people represent the more intelligent section of the population.

Lord Newton

Some of the films shown in poorer parts of large towns should be prohibited by law. Mr. T. R. Ackroyd

The Englishman is an island within an island surrounded by a protecting sea of silence. Mr. Robert Lynd

If he had been the King he could not have had better attention than he received at Guy's. A Witness at an Inquest



December 18, 1926

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## £10 FOR FINDING A COUNTRY

### THE LAWYERS AND THEIR LABRADOR FORTUNE

Better to Talk About a Country  
Than to Discover It

### EXPLORERS AND THEIR REWARDS

As C.N. readers have already been informed, the great trial to decide the boundary line of Labrador, and the consequent rights of Canada and Newfoundland, had already cost £200,000 in legal expenses before the case reached the Privy Council.

Now, if John Cabot, who gave the world its first knowledge of Labrador and Newfoundland and gave England possession of both, could revisit his old haunts here and learn what is toward he would gasp with astonishment and indignation. "Preliminary fees, £200,000!" he would say. "Why, I got but ten pounds for Newfoundland and Labrador together!"

#### John Cabot's Mistake

And then the name of the continent to which the two places belong—America! Well, Cabot knew a different story from that, he would tell these prattling fellows; he would remind them that when he sailed out of Bristol in 1497, in a tiny ship with 18 men, and voyaged some 2000 miles he reached China, not America!

That is what Cabot thought. He reported that he had found "the mainland of the Kingdom of the Great Khan of China" and that he had sailed 900 miles along its coast; that he landed, but saw no people, so brought back to King Henry the Seventh "some snares that were set to catch game and a needle for making nets." That is the story of the discovery of Labrador.

#### A Hero Vanishes

Our seventh Henry was not enthusiastic in giving out rewards, though he readily consented to men sailing perilous seas in search of heathen lands—at their own cost. Cabot figures in the accounts of the King's privy purse thus:

10 August, 1497. To him that found the new isle, £10.

Cabot was more liberal; he gave his barber a whole island, possibly Newfoundland! He himself, however, received a pension from the king of £20 a year, but one year's payment and a similar one in 1498, possibly to his widow, were all, for in his 1498 voyage back to the scene of his discovery the great hero vanished, and we know no more what became of him. The discoverer of Labrador was swallowed up in mystery. He gave us this country and we gave him £10.

But gigantic discoveries have been incredibly cheap to mankind. Columbus's salary for the voyage during which he discovered the New World was £400, that of his captains and crews £4250, and the cost of the expedition, ships, stores, wages, everything, was £10,700.

#### A Profitable Cargo

We know, too, the cost of Magellan's expedition, for the fees are all recorded in maravedis, a maravedi being one-fifth of a penny. The total outlay was £4935.

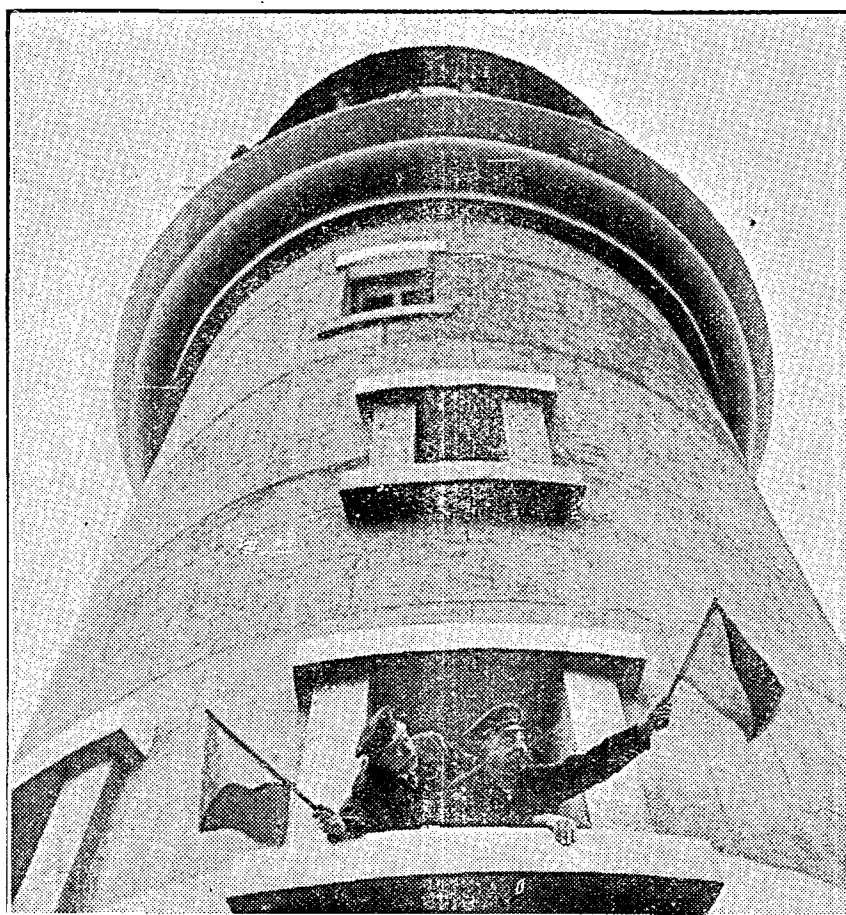
Only one of his five ships, the *Victoria*, completed the voyage round the world, but she brought back 26 tons of cloves, which realised £4536, together with cinnamon, mace, nutmegs, and sandalwood, which sold for £600. So, in spite of the losses among the rest of the ships, the one cargo paid all the costs and left a profit of £200, after having laid open to mankind a route round about the Earth and established the foundation of great riches for the West.

The Columbuses, the Cabots, and the Magellans sow, but what a harvest posterity reaps, especially its lawyers!

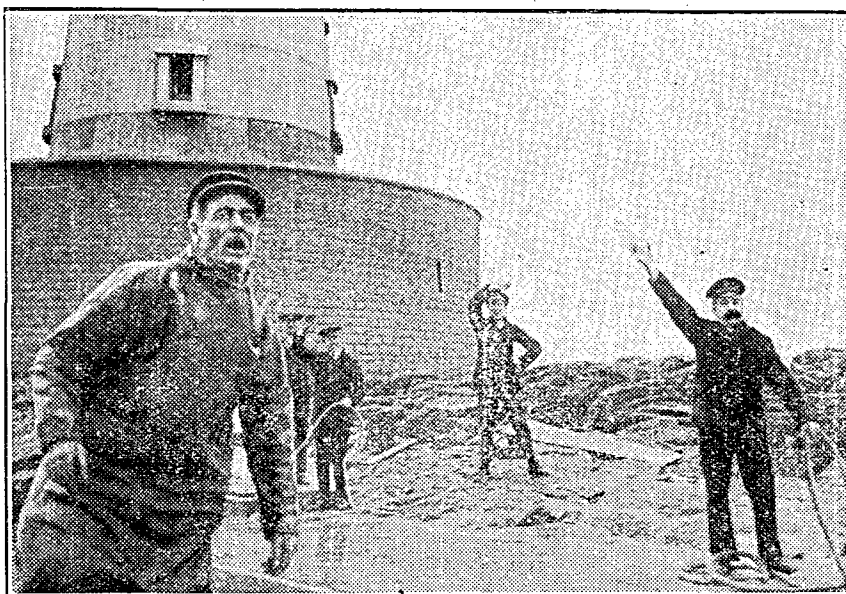
## GRACE DARLING'S LIGHTHOUSE



The keeper looking out for the relief boat



Signalling from the lighthouse to the relief boat



Welcoming the relief men as they land

The Longstone Lighthouse in the Farne Islands is a lonely spot, but it was made famous for all time by Grace Darling, who lived there and made her heroic rescue of the survivors of the *Forfarshire* in 1838. The keepers are always glad when the time comes to be relieved, and here we see them, photographed the other day, welcoming the relief ship

## THE HORSE OF THE CARPATHIANS

### TAKING HOME A WOLF

Remarkable Story of a Horse  
that Saved Its Master

### SEVEN YEARS ON GUARD

We gave last week the remarkable story of a horse of the Carpathian Mountains which fought so fiercely that it stunned the wolf which had attacked a foal. Now we hear of a surprising sequel.

The victorious horse seized the wolf by the neck, and galloped to its master's farm to exhibit its trophy, as a proud cat brings into the house the mouse it has killed.

To fight a wolf was natural for this horse, because other members of its herd were in peril; left to itself it would doubtless have shirked the conflict and have sought safety in flight. It was for that the speed and endurance of horses were given. The unusual feature of this story is the carrying of the body by the horse to its owner.

#### The Horse's Intelligence

But we do not yet fully understand horse nature. We have horses for power, horses for speed, horses for gay action, horses distinguished by certain colours, horses for everything but intelligence. But to the brains of these delightful animals we have given little scientific attention. What powers lie within those handsome heads we do not know.

The horse is highly strung, and given to fits of nerves which result in panic, whereas the donkey has tough nerves and stubborn courage. It is a fact that the donkey makes a successful fight against the puma in America, whereas the horse, at the mere sight or scent of the great cat, gives up all as lost—and flees!

Nevertheless, it is to a home of the puma that one of the best horse stories in the world relates. In the old days of frequent fights with Indians and guerilla troops horses were as a rule the first to notify their masters of approaching danger. They could not only see enemies approaching from afar, but could often smell them miles away. Thus any inrush of strangers might cause the pampas horse to stampede.

#### The Dash to Safety

But there was one Argentine horse which was heroic above its kind. It was owned by a man named Santa Anna, a deserter from the conscript army of a cruel dictator who shot deserters on sight. Now, the fugitive had a house in which he dared not live. He would eat there, but would lurk outside lest his enemies should come. He would lie out in the open and sleep, leaving his horse on guard.

At the first sight of mounted men on the horizon, the horse would rush to its master, and, seizing his cloak between its teeth, would rouse him with a vigorous shake. In an instant Santa Anna would be on its back, and away they would rush for safety into one of the huge reed beds where no stranger could follow.

For seven years the horse guarded and saved its master in this way. Then the reign of tyranny ceased, and man and ally were free to live their peaceful lives. Surely that brave steed deserves to live in memory with the gallant horse of the Carpathian Mountains.

#### TINNED TENNIS BALLS

A new way to keep tennis balls in perfect condition has been found.

Shops at present keep them in cardboard boxes with little partitions, as in egg-boxes, but they do not keep very well like this. They are now being packed in airtight tins, with air compressed 20 pounds to the square inch, the same pressure as is maintained inside the balls by the modern methods of manufacture.



## THE VEIL OF FOG

### DARK CURTAIN THAT HIDES OUR STREETS

#### A Winter Enemy Not Peculiar to London

#### OUR ROMAN REPUTATION

The onset of winter has been accompanied by early visitations of that enemy of health, travel, and industry, Fog.

Not only has London been affected by great blankets of mist, but the provinces too, far and wide. Industrial cities, agricultural areas, famous health resorts, all suffered equally; indeed, some of the places farthest from London were more seriously affected than the capital itself.

It is the custom to treat the subject as if fog were an evil peculiar to London, but one has seen fogs as impenetrable in provincial England as in London, and even in the Netherlands. And at sea, where little smoke comes, the fog is at times worst of all. Fog is a deadly evil, but we err seriously in pretending that London is either its cradle or its capital. Paris knows it well.

#### A Damp and Misty Land

England as an island, with her heart nowhere very far from the sea, must always have her spells of winter mists. The growth of towns, with their smoky chimneys, makes the mists black and yellow, that is all; fogs are increased, not created, by smoke.

But we have lived in literature for nearly two thousand years as a damp and misty land, and so we are apt to be misjudged and our climatic character unduly blackened. Tacitus, the Roman historian, was the first man to paint our portrait for mankind, and we have never shaken off the reputation he gave us.

"The climate of Britain (he wrote) is unfavourable; always damp with rains and overcast with clouds. The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climes, but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, but slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil."

#### The Best of All Climates

So wrote the immortal Roman. He got his particulars from his illustrious father-in-law, Julius Agricola, who spent many years in our midst and saw fogs not fed by coal fires. But the character he gave our land was not accurate.

In spite of rains and fogs we have the best of all climates. In some lands winter means practically the cessation of all outdoor work, owing to the depth of the snow, the intensity of the frost; elsewhere summer is so hot that toil is impossible during the hours about mid-day, and the soil is parched and barren.

No one can be enthusiastic over an English fog, but we must not imagine ourselves the specially-burdened victims of Nature; fog extends to sea and land in the Old World and the New, and we have no greater share of it than nations over the waters.

## GOOD WELLS AND BAD

### 67 in 100 Fruitful

The Bureau of Mines tells us that 661,679 oil-wells have been drilled in the United States since 1859.

It is interesting to know that of some twenty thousand wells drilled in one year only 67 of every 100 proved fruitful; 23 per cent of the drillings led to dry holes; and one in every ten gave natural gas and no oil.

## THE VAST ARMY OF SMOKERS

### Capture of More Trains

#### THE UNDERGROUND AND ITS LABELS

The Underground Railway has increased the number of smoking carriages from 60 to 70 per cent, and the non-smokers are forming a society to defend their rights.

There is one change, however, made by the Underground which non-smokers will welcome. The 70 per cent of smoking carriages will no longer be labelled "Smoking," but the 30 per cent not dedicated to tobacco will be labelled "No Smoking."

That is a sensible arrangement familiar enough on the Continent, and was tried not long ago by the Southern Railway in England, which made a noble effort to establish it in this country. But as people from other parts of the country, accustomed to the other method, found the change confusing, the new rule was dropped. We hope the Underground will now stick to it, and that the rest of the railway companies will follow the example.

The minority of travellers, who do not like to be fumigated with smoke, are entitled to the protection of these "No Smoking" labels, which should put an end to the discourteous question "Do you object to smoking?" There is no need nowadays to tell people where they may smoke; what is important is to make it clear where they may not. Incidentally it is much less trouble.

## A TOWN FOR LIGHT GOODS ONLY

### No Heavy Things by Road

The town of Thorne, near Doncaster, with nine thousand inhabitants, finds itself in a curiously humiliating position.

It has no road by which vehicles weighing over five tons can enter its borders, each approach being over bridges whose loads must be under that weight. The only way a steam-roller can get in is by rail. Lorries of over five tons must stop on the other side of the bridges and unload there into drays.

This is very expensive, and Thorne is asking for stronger bridges.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

For the first time in history a Guild-hall banquet has been served by waitresses instead of waiters.

A new kind of taximeter from America delivers to the passenger a card with the amount of his fare.

#### The Clever Hounds

Sent by train from Sussex to Cumberland, a pack of hounds found their own way back to their kennels in Sussex.

#### Foreigners in Portugal

A census shows that there are now 37,000 Spaniards, 9000 British, 7000 Brazilians, 6000 French, 3000 Germans, and 2800 Italians living in Portugal.

#### The Fatal Spark

Sixty square miles of forest were burned last summer in France, chiefly in the south. About 15 per cent of the fires were due to sparks from railway engines.

#### Lord Methuen's Thanks

Lord Methuen, after reading a glowing obituary notice of himself in a South African paper, has written a warm letter of thanks to its Editor.

#### In Memoriam

A monument has been set up in New York City in memory of 740 persons killed there by reckless drivers during the year. It is hoped the reckless drivers will mark it.

#### A Bad Guide

Even a Girl Guide is not always perfect. A C.N. reader watched one walking the length of Fleet Street in the dark with a long stick under her arm, threatening the eyesight of scores of passers-by.

## WONDERFUL EMILY HOBHOUSE

The ashes of a great English lady have been placed in a casket beneath the monument at Bloemfontein to the women and children who died in the camps during the Boer War a quarter of a century ago. General Smuts spoke at the ceremony, and this is what he said.

We are gathered here today from every part of South Africa to pay our last tribute of respect and love to the memory of Emily Hobhouse. It was her wish that her ashes should be buried in this land. She now becomes one with us everlastingly. In life, in the greatest moments of our history, we were together, and in death we shall not be divided.

In full health and strength she came to us in the dark days of 1901; she left us ten years after with a shattered body. During those ten eventful years she gave to us all she had. But her work and her sacrifice have not been in vain. Her work for us has produced enduring results, and her name will remain inseparably connected with our history.

#### A Heaven-Sent Messenger

We stood alone in the world, friendless among the peoples, the smallest nation ranged against the mightiest Empire on Earth. And then one small hand, the hand of a woman, was stretched out to us. At that darkest hour, when our race seemed almost doomed to extinction, she appeared as an angel, as a Heaven-sent messenger. Strangest of all, she was an Englishwoman. She could speak to her people even in that hour when the passion of war and patriotism ran high.

She spoke the word; it was heeded by the British Government, reforms were instituted, and the young life which was ebbing away in the camps was saved for the future.

#### The Reconciler

The precious little vessel which was carrying the future of this sub-continent did not perish in the storm. That great service, great beyond all power of words to express it, was rendered by Emily Hobhouse, and for that service the name of this Englishwoman will be for ever engraved in the hearts and memories of the Boer people.

For the future of South Africa the whole meaning and significance of the Boer War were permanently affected by this Englishwoman; and she becomes the great symbol of reconciliation between two closely-akin peoples who should never have been enemies.

How often, in the great happenings of history, a woman appears at the decisive moment and in her weakness turns the flowing tide of events! It is the inner spiritual force in the world which comes to the surface in pain and anguish and sorrow, and once it appears everything else shrinks into insignificance before it.

#### A Trumpet-Call to the Highest

When she saw her country embark on a policy which was in conflict with right she did not say "My country right or wrong," she took our side against her own people, and in doing so rendered an imperishable service, not only to us, but also to her own England and to the world.

Emily Hobhouse will stand out in our record as a trumpet-call to the highest, to our duty and loyalty to the great things which do not merely concern us as a nation but bind together all nations as a great spiritual brotherhood. More than anything in our history the example of Emily Hobhouse reminds us that we are not merely citizens of South Africa, but that we belong above all to the greater City of God.

## EVERY WEEK FOR 900 YEARS

### A Long Chain Broken at Last

#### WHY THE WATER TRIBUNAL DID NOT MEET

Few countries have had a more chequered history than Spain, but there is one Spanish institution which has persisted unchanged for 900 years.

This is the Water Tribunal of Valencia, which in all that time is said never to have missed its weekly sitting till the other day. It consists of eight peasant judges, chosen from the districts watered by the eight canals controlling the distribution of the waters of the River Turia over a thirsty land.

Once a week through the centuries the Tribunal has sat in the open air in the great square now called the Plaza de la Constitucion, but it is older than any constitution. Behind it is the grey old cathedral, with its well-known Door of the Apostles. Once the cathedral was a mosque. The Water Court is older than cathedral or mosque; it knew the ruins of the Roman temple which the mosque replaced.

#### A Petition to the King

It has seen the comings and goings of Regencies and Republics and the rise and fall of Parliaments. It has survived even the coming of the Directory which governs the Spaniards for the good of Spain today without the bother of obtaining their consent!

All through these mighty upheavals eight peasant judges in black blouses and soft black hats have administered the waters of the Turia for the aid and comfort of their neighbours, with nothing but the justice of their decisions to enforce their acceptance. Never has a decision been resisted, and never has a session been missed.

Never has a session been missed—till just the other day. Suddenly the Directory issued a royal decree empowering the company supplying Valencia with drinking-water to increase its takings from the river, so diminishing seriously the supplies available for irrigation. The eight judges of the Water Court objected, and petitioned the King; and the reason why the Court failed to sit on its accustomed Thursday was because on that day the eight were being received by the King in his palace. It is believed all will be well, but the chain of weekly sessions of the Court has been broken, and can never be repaired.

## DISCOVERY IN A BUCKET

### Portrait of a Girl of Long Ago

Some time ago a roll of canvas was picked out of a bucket of rubbish in an Edinburgh street.

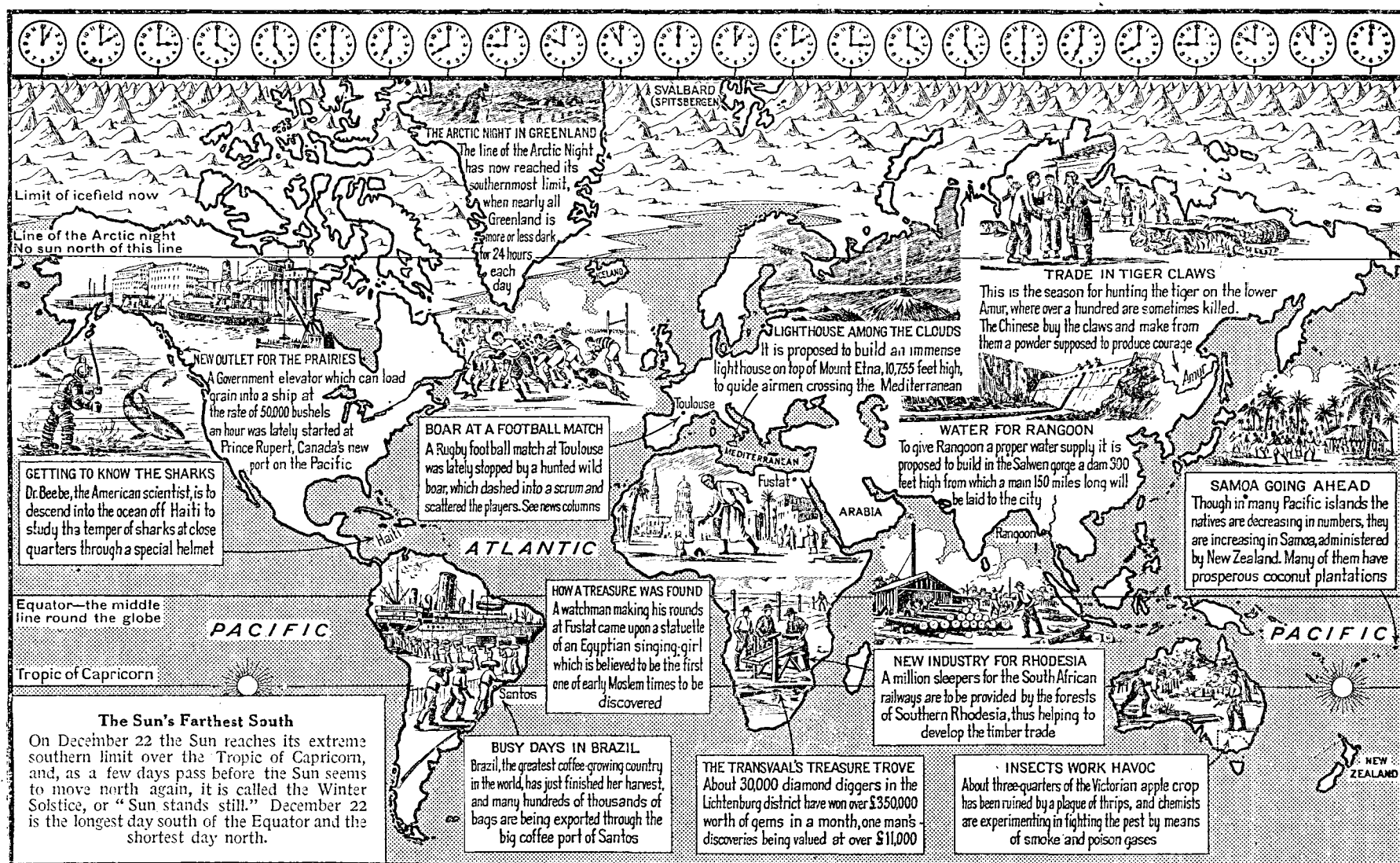
A scavenger thought it might be saleable; could it not be patched? A dealer bought it and showed it to an artist, who declared that it was part of a very fine picture. Most people would have said it was rubbish, however, because it only showed the body of a headless woman dressed in the style of 1818.

Members of the Scottish Arts Club were so struck by its technical beauty that they did not mind the lady's headless state, so they framed the fragment and hung it on their walls. For many years this strange picture was a mystery, and endless guesses were made about it. At last the problem has been solved. A head has been found which exactly fits it. It is a portrait by Raeburn of a pretty girl named Margaret Grant Suttie.

In the middle of the last century the portrait was cut down to fit a niche at Prestongrange Mansion House, and later it was sold in London. We hope the owner will offer no opposition to the restoration of the lady's head to her long-deserted shoulders.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## PEOPLE'S REST-HOUSES

### What to Do With the City Churches

Parliament has decided by a big majority that London's beautiful City churches shall not be sold to pay for new churches in the suburbs, which ought to be able to pay for new churches for themselves.

The C.N. has always held that, if they are not needed for Sunday services, these churches are needed through the week as rest-houses for the City's workers.

Nearly 40 years ago one of Wren's churches, St. Olave's in Cheapside, was pulled down except for the tower. For a long time the tower was used as a rectory for a neighbouring church. Now it is being turned into a club for City youths. The tower has four floors with 21 rooms, so there is space for many activities. How much more could have been done if the church had been preserved whole!

## AN HOUR A DAY KEEPS THE WOLF AWAY

### How a Pit Was Saved

An hour a day has kept the wolf away from the door of a pit. In other words, a promise to work eight hours a day instead of seven has saved a big South Wales colliery from being closed.

The pit, which is near Merthyr Tydfil, had ceased to pay, and was in the hands of an Official Receiver when the workers appealed to Lord Buckland, a native of the town. On their promising to work an extra hour he and a friend bought the colliery for £160,000, and will keep it going.

## Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 41	Falmouth . . 8.26 ins.
Total rainfall . . 5.11 ins.	Southampton . 6.49 ins.
Wet days . . . 23	Aberdeen . . 4.21 ins.
Dry days . . . 7	Liverpool . . 4.05 ins.
Warmest days 5th, 11th	Dublin . . . 3.50 ins.
Coldest day . . 25th	Gorleston . . 2.75 ins.

## A VOLCANO BEDROOM

### The Courage of a Professor

Perhaps there is nothing more terrifying to the imagination than an active volcano. Even those who have not read The Last Days of Pompeii shudder at the idea.

But men of science are a fearless breed. The other night Vesuvius showed signs of intensified activity. There were deep rumblings, and slight tremors were felt at Naples. So Professor Malladra, Director of the Vesuvius Observatory, went up to study the conditions. He spent the night in the outer crater, and stated on his return that there was no danger at present.

## CHIMNEY GRIT

### A Nuisance Without Excuse

In a recent number of the C.N. comment was made on the serious nuisance of grit thrown out from chimney-stacks in industrial districts. We are indebted to a well-known Yorkshire engineer for the information that the nuisance is completely preventable.

In Yorkshire many plants are equipped with a flue-cleansing apparatus and collecting chamber which do away with the nuisance at a minimum of expense and trouble. It is quite clear that this is one of the public nuisances for which there is no excuse.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Document signed by B. Gwinnett	£5700
11 Aubrey Beardsley drawings	£2100
A drawing by J. M. W. Turner	£1260
A Kang-hsi lacquer screen . . .	£819
La Fontaine's Fables, 1775 . . .	£265
A silver teapot of 1717 . . .	£238
A Sargent charcoal sketch . . .	£147
Miniature of Lady Nelson . . .	£120
A Henry VII sovereign . . .	£17
A copy of the 1st edition of Schoolboy Lyrics by Rudyard Kipling realised	£670.

## A FOOTBALL SURPRISE

### The Suddenness of the Wild Boar

The wild boar is well known as a brave and cunning animal, but until the other day who knew that it was also interested in sport?

A large crowd watching a Rugby football match at Toulouse was astonished to see a boar rush on to the ground. It plunged straight into the scrum, scattering the players, who felt as if one of the new midget tanks had charged them.

After the boar came a pack of Airedale terriers and then the huntsmen. For a few minutes there was an indescribable tangle, and when people had picked themselves up and wiped the mud out of their eyes the boar had vanished. In the confusion it was able to escape to a neighbouring wood. The hunt was resumed, but in vain.

This is the only occasion known to history on which a boar has taken part in a football match. See World Map

## THE ADMIRAL CALLS ON THE MAYOR

### Our Democratic Homeland

Truly our little Treasure Island is a very wonderful place.

When a new mayor is elected in Plymouth the Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard pays him an official call. We may be sure it is a magnificent occasion, and that the admiral wears his sword and cocked hat, and all his medals and gold lace.

Dressed, no doubt, as if for a royal levée at Buckingham Palace, Admiral Woolcombe called the other day on Alderman Moses, Plymouth's new Mayor. Now, Alderman Moses is a dock hand. With all her faults, England is far more democratic under her King than any republic under a President. The dock labourer and the admiral are equal servants of the British Commonwealth.

## 600 SCHOOLS UNFIT FOR CHILDREN

### A Great Shame

Two and a quarter per cent of the money voted for education goes in school doctoring, and the school doctoring makes the teaching much more than two and a quarter per cent more helpful to the children.

Last year, says Sir George Newman in his annual report, two and a half million children had their health tested by school doctors, and a million had some physical defect put right. The children of school age are taller and heavier for their ages than they used to be.

But there is still a steady stream of disease among them, partly due to slum homes, partly to insanitary schools. Even now over 600 schools are in use which have been condemned as unsuitable and incapable of being put in order.

## AMERICA CANNOT DO EVERYTHING

### A Colossal Failure

Rich America, so rich that she does not know what to do with her money, has failed badly with her great Exhibition at Philadelphia, held to celebrate 150 years of independence.

Only six million admission fees were paid where fifty million were expected, and Philadelphia loses something like four million pounds.

We are accustomed to exhibitions not being ready on the opening day, but at Philadelphia many of the buildings, to say nothing of their contents, were still unfinished when the Exhibition closed. Argentina spent £60,000 on her pavilion, but it was not opened till a month before the end.

The newspapers call it the most colossal exhibition failure in history. The truth is, the finance committee chairman says, that people are tired of exhibitions. Certainly they must be tired of exhibitions that are never ready.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 18 1926

## Come to England for the Hunting

ENGLAND is an old country whose pride, like still waters, runs so deep that she has seldom cared much what foreigners thought of her.

If visitors came to see her she showed them round the garden and sometimes let them in the house, but always with the air of saying that they must take her as they found her.

But now it seems this prideful humility must be altered. The Minister for Overseas Trade has found a new slogan. He declares that the country does not attract to itself the proper share of rich visitors. England should put its wares more in the shop window. *Come to England for the hunting* he cries to the traveller abroad.

There is no accounting for tastes. Is there anything in all these islands more un-English than hunting? Perhaps the millionaires who have made their fortunes on the pampas of South America, or in the steel-works of the United States, have had so little excitement in their lives that they would now like to spend their leisure in chasing a panting fox from covert to pasture to see it worried to death by a pack of hounds, without a chance of making a fight for its life. The hunted fox on the one hand, the bored loiterer through life who chases him for exercise on the other—what a mirror of greatness!

The poets whose praise of England we cherish knew better.

But, someone may say, the lovely sights and sounds our poets loved are for our own eyes and ears; the expensive foreign visitors may value them but little. To that we reply that these are but a tithe of the treasures of our famous land. She tells her tale in cathedrals from Durham to Salisbury, temples with as great a place in the history of architecture as any in the world. Her castles reach from Carnarvon to Raglan, from Edinburgh to Bodiam; her abbeys stretch from Rievaulx to Battle, and all are like music in stone. Hardly a road in England is there that has not its story; not a college in Oxford or Cambridge that has not its own beauty; and of all countries there is none in which the stately homes and the lowly cottages, the spacious lands and the village greens, are more beautiful to look upon.

If all this should seem a little too boastful for the Ministry of Overseas Trade we beg the Minister's pardon. Perhaps it is because good Englishmen must feel affronted at the thought that all this glory of ours should be esteemed of less attraction than the dying agonies of a fox, poor hunted thing.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Old Men Young

WE were reading the other day about an old gentleman of whom it was said that every year he gave up one more activity and found there was one more food that disagreed with him.

He could not look at a spray of apple blossom without thinking of fallen leaves, and his birthday was like a funeral. When told that his health was excellent he would say: "How very old I shall be in twenty years!"

We should like to have introduced this dreary old personage to Mr. Henry and Mr. Edwin Butler of Wokingham, Kent. One is 82 and the other 72, but they are keen motor-cyclists, and average 5000 miles a year. On our crowded roads many things occur which test the nerves of far younger men, but these venerable gentlemen do not feel the strain. If they ever think about time at all it is only to say: "How very young I shall be in twenty years!"

### A Lost-and-Found Collector

We have received this story from a lady who is collecting true stories of losers and lost things.

ONE of my best stories is about Henry Bradshaw, the great Cambridge librarian.

An important book had been lost in Paris for nearly a century. Bradshaw went over to the library to try to find it. For about a hundred years people had looked and looked.

Bradshaw arrived, and, standing near some bookcases, he talked to the librarian of the probable appearance of the precious volume. Bradshaw had never, of course, set eyes on it, but his knowledge of books was remarkable. He could tell at a glance the date and country, and usually the town, in which a book had been printed.

Talking of the lost book that he had never seen, he was able to imagine its probable appearance. It would be about the height, thickness, and of similar binding to this, he said, turning and taking a book at random from a shelf behind him. It was the missing volume!

### The Old Folks at Home

How charming is the attitude of old country-folk toward the town!

Asked what she expected London to be like, an old inhabitant of Ditchling, one of the quiet Sussex villages, replied, "Well, I can't exactly tell, but I suppose something like the more bustling part of Ditchling!"

The other day the writer heard that an old lady had died in the workhouse of a tiny Hampshire village. To inquiries as to why the old dame had not resided with her well-to-do relations in London the answer came: "She said she knew that if she was away from the village she would be miserable, for London's that out of the way of everything, you see!"

### A Horror

THE Chamber of Horrors in the new Tussaud's is to be relegated to the basement. Why not relegate it to oblivion? It is a miserable survival of the sordid pleasures of forgotten days, and children do not want it.

### Tip-Cat

THERE is only one motor-car for every million Afghans. We hope it is at least a four-seater.

MANY people have brains too big for their heads. But the other sort are commoner.

THERE are now two dinner-hours in London. Why not treat them as a joint affair?

THE five-day week is coming in America. They have so much money under



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If yarn-makers  
are good story-  
tellers

Prohibition that they need two days to spend it in.

WE sent sparrows to America, but she has paid us back. She has sent us jazz.

WISE dentists brighten their rooms with cheerful curtains. Of course, as a blind.

THE average life of a world like this is said to be a thousand million million years. There will be time to pay off our war debts.

THE business world is said to be still in the Stone Age. Anyhow, most of us are on the rocks.

FLOWERS have a very refining influence. But do not make anyone too refined to sniff at them.

### Will He Get Through?

PETER PUCK sat for an exam. the other day, and is waiting eagerly to hear the result. He is rather worried about maths, but feels sure he has done well in history. He was telling us about the questions and his replies, and we agreed that his must have been a remarkable paper.

He was asked: "What do you know about (a) Crécy, (b) the Spanish Armada, (c) Trafalgar?"

He replied: "(a) At Crécy the English forces mustard. They used gunpowder for the first time and peppered the French. (b) The Spanish Armada was built by a king who meant to beat England, but he counted his chickens before they were hatched, and one turned out to be a Drake, who gave the Dons a ducking. (c) Trafalgar is near the National Gallery, and Woolwich buses start from here."

When we told him the last reply seemed inadequate because he had said nothing about Nelson he retorted: "How could I? They only gave me a paragraph, and you can't think of Nelson without a column."

## The Paradise Not a Yard Away

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, the great French writer who is making such charming books about the human side of English genius in past generations, tells in his latest book of the Land of Mape, a land created in the world of imagination by his little daughter Françoise, where she takes refuge when this world offends her.

A strange little girl this Françoise, for when she is naughty or cannot get her way she just goes to Mape.

"We are going out this evening," says her father.

"Oh," says Françoise, "I should like to come with you."

"That is impossible."

"Very well, then. I shall go and have my dinner in Mape."

### The Wonders of Mape

When Françoise has been naughty she gets no dessert. But in Mape the pastrycooks stand at their doorways giving cakes to all who pass by. In Mape the taxis stay on the pavement and leave the roadway for little children, so that when the grown-ups have been sent to bed, at the very proper hour of eight, the little boys may take the little girls out to the theatre. In Mape when you buy a picture-book you pay a penny, and the bookseller gives you a hundred thousand pennies in exchange.

"But, Françoise," says her father, "you don't buy books; you can't read."

"I can read the language of Mape," says Françoise proudly.

"Which is the best book in Mape?" asks her father.

"I thought everyone knew it was The Pog and the Flibber," she replies.

"Whatever is that?"

"You can't understand. That is Mape language."

"But where is Mape, Françoise?"

"Mape? Hardly a yard away."

The fact is that Mape and this Earth the rest of us live in meet just at the corner of the house where Françoise lives. So she can go off there whenever she likes, and get away from all the things she does not like.

### The Bad-Tempered People

Have a care never to show towards unsociable folk the same ill-humour as they show towards others.

Marcus Aurelius

### God Bless You

When you've struggled hard and long  
And the battle has gone wrong

And a world of cares oppress you,  
Like cool water from a spring,  
Like the balm the south winds bring,  
Are the simple words *God bless you*.

When you're going far away,  
Far from all you love to stray,

And the parting-pangs distress you,  
Like a sunbeam in the heart,  
Though the choking tears may start,  
Are the words *Good-bye, God bless you*.

William Herbert Carruth

It isn't doing what we like to do but liking what we have to do that makes life blessed.

Goethe



December 18, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## AN ISLAND MARVEL

## SECRET MONSTERS OF THE EAST INDIES

## Giant Lizards which Capture Ponies and Eat Them

## "I AM A BROTHER TO DRAGONS"

From times before history men believed in dragons—monsters which breathed fire, devoured human beings, and terrorised whole countrysides, or, taking to the sea, sank and swallowed ships and their crews.

Down to the Middle Ages and beyond no self-respecting hero-knight of story felt quite worthy of his spurs until he had slain a dragon, and so secured the freedom of a beautiful princess. Yet there never was such a creature as this huge, fire-breathing monster of land and sea.

## The Monster of Ancient Fable

Now, however, in this sober twentieth century, there has been discovered an excellent substitute for the monster of ancient fable. It is the most terrible of lizards, dwelling on the little-frequented Island of Komodo, in the Dutch East Indies. The largest and most appalling of lizards known before is the monitor, which reaches a length of seven feet. The new one is said to reach a maximum of thirty feet!

Komodo is about the size of the Isle of Man, thinly populated on the coast, swept by tremendous tides, and with a wild and gloomy interior, whose caves and rocky holes are the homes of these monstrous reptiles. They are called dragons, but they are lizards, yet so terrifying are their habits that they might say with Job "I am a brother to dragons."

## Living Wonders

They are flesh-eaters, killing their own game or devouring the putrid remains of animals already dead. Immensely powerful and very fleet, they run down, kill, and devour the half-wild ponies of the island. Seeing that the ordinary monitor lizard can fracture a man's leg with one blow of its tail, what must be the strength of these giants?

Two eight-foot specimens have already been trapped alive and sent to the New York Zoo, and a third, exceeding nine feet, has newly reached Amsterdam, having made the voyage in a steam-heated cabin of an ocean liner. None of the largest has yet been caught, for the natives are so fearful of them that they dare not lead Europeans to the reptiles' haunts. But one of 16 feet has been killed, and another of 22 feet seen and described by a Dutch naturalist. We shall know more soon, as a scientific expedition is about to make a full examination of the island and its living wonders.

## An Exciting Event

We know already that these so-called dragons are extremely dangerous to man. They hunt in parties, and make common cause against an enemy until a division of spoils is reached, when they fight like demons among themselves.

The discovery is the most exciting event in natural history since the okapi was discovered, and it is really more exciting than that, for the okapi is gentle and inoffensive, whereas these reptiles are much to be feared.

Apparently they belong to the widely-distributed monitor lizard group, but shut up in their remote island, undisturbed and unchallenged, they have grown gigantic, like the monster tortoises of the Galapagos Islands and the huge kangaroos of Australia.

Clearly the world still has secrets of animal life to reveal to the searcher.

## I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE YOU £5000

THE world is crammed with friendliness in all sorts of places, and nobody could count the people who go about doing good.

The secretary of the London Temperance Hospital in the Hampstead Road recently had a pleasant surprise from one of them. He was told that a gentleman wished to see him on a private matter. The secretary suggested that the caller should be asked to wait, as he had other business on hand. He was already dealing with two other visitors. Time passed by.

Presently the door opened and the commissionaire came in. The unknown gentleman was in a hurry, and could he just see the secretary for five minutes?

At last the stranger was admitted.

"Good morning," he said. "I am sorry to trouble you. I only wanted to give you five thousand pounds. I have

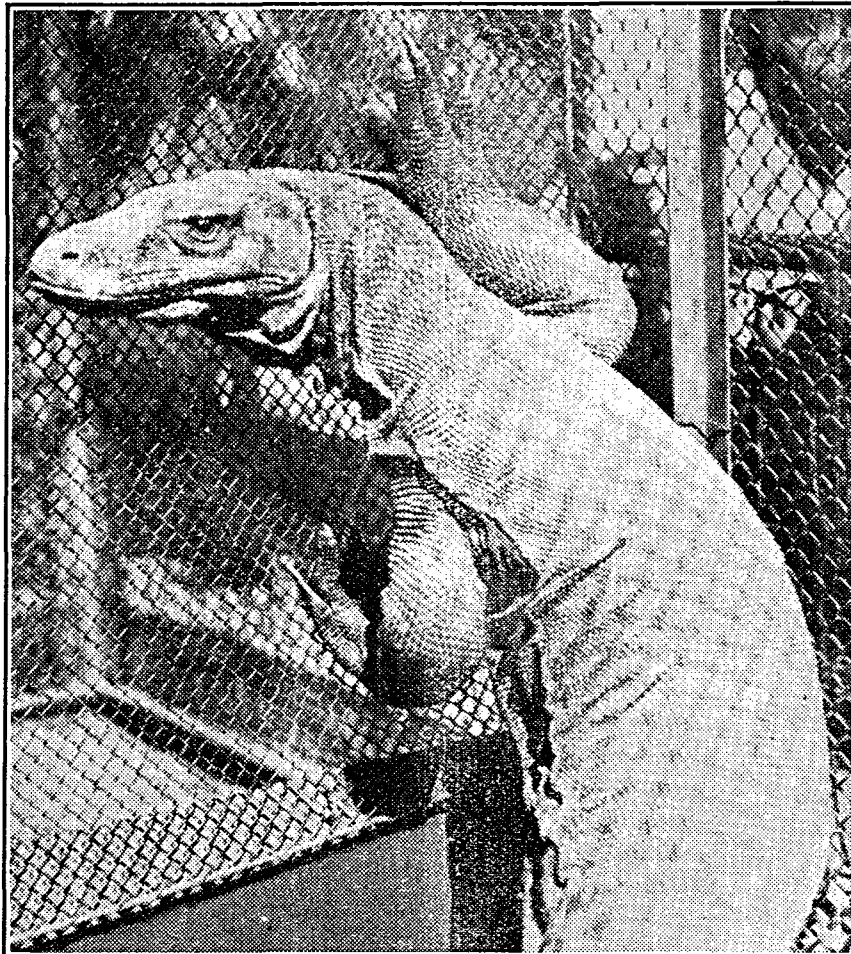
been reading your appeal and thought this would be useful to you."

The secretary sat back in his chair, for the moment stricken dumb. When he recovered he remarked that he wished such a visitor came every day, for the hospital had a deficit of £32,000.

"I know that," said the visitor. "That's why I called." As he spoke he was placing bearer bonds on the secretary's desk. "You won't know my name," he added; "and there's no need for you to." And off he went.

The secretary pulled himself together and went up to the bank about the bonds. Everything was straightforward, the bonds in order. Now he is at home in the office every day to see any other odd and angelic benefactors who may be in a hurry for the same reason; and we may be sure that he will not keep them waiting long.

## A DRAGON COMES TO LIGHT



An astounding giant lizard from the Island of Komodo, in the Dutch East Indies, has lately arrived at the Amsterdam Zoo, the first to come to Europe. The dragon-like creature is over nine feet long, but some of its kind reach a length of 30 feet, and in their native island they hunt and kill the wild ponies. The lizard shown here is in the New York Zoo. See next column

## A RAJAH AND A GENTLEMAN

When Cambridge conferred an honorary degree on several delegates of the Imperial Conference the other day they were each introduced in a Latin speech by the Public Orator, Mr. Glover.

Although he had good things to say of the others, the best things of all were said about the representative of India. Here is the tribute to the Maharajah of Burdwan, not in Mr. Glover's sonorous Latin, but in plain English. It is the portrait of a kingly man indeed, one whose character gives him the right to lead others.

WE have with us an Indian prince descended from a long line of kings conspicuous among the older royal houses of India. He succeeded to the paternal kingdom when he was six; he has even given himself to science; among the princes of India is none more learned and none who more generously ministers culture to his people.

I do not know whether we shall find Parnassus by the Ganges, but he has certainly drunk from the springs of the muses. He has written a book in English, and poems and plays in Bengali. He is not averse to our sports, a rival of the Scot at golf and the Cambridge man with the oar.

If you ask for the virtues of the simpler spirits, the Prince threw himself in the way of sudden death and saved a friend; if you think of the State, he is an advocate of peace and goodwill among races; if you think of things still higher, he rebukes our British forgetfulness of God. He pointed out that when we welcomed Cobham no thought seemed to be given to Divine Providence, and he has remarked upon our preference for things material to things spiritual.

## HELPING LAME DOGS OVER STILES

## A WOMAN'S WORK OF MERCY

## Messenger of Hope to Captive Sons of a Broken Race

## THE UNENDING TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

One of the most stirring stories we have heard for years came from the lips of a quiet, gracious woman who was a visitor to England a few weeks ago.

She was Miss Karen Jeppe, and the story she told was of her work among the refugee Armenians at Aleppo, in Syria, which for the last few years she has carried on as a Commissioner for the League of Nations.

Perhaps no one knows better than Miss Jeppe the history of one of the most infamous things of the whole of the infamous Great War: the deportations and massacres by the Turks of the Armenian race within Turkish borders.

## Armenia's Tragic Story

Miss Jeppe knew the Armenians well. In the days before the war she worked among the people of this nation, whose story is as tragic as anything in history. The terrible things she witnessed in 1915 wrought havoc in her soul, and sent her home to Denmark at last a physical wreck. For nearly five years she remained in her own country, slowly recovering from the ordeal of those dark days. Then, when she was well enough, what must this frail woman do but return to Syria and begin afresh her work among the homeless Armenians, many of whom were the captive slaves of Turks and Kurd tribes, at whose hands they suffered untold miseries.

She worked heroically, doing what she could to start industries among these homeless people. Then there came one day to this remote spot a messenger with a telegram from Geneva, asking Miss Jeppe if she would undertake rescue work on a bigger scale as the League of Nations' Commissioner.

## A Noble, Generous Soul

"All my powers seemed to leave me when I read it," she says. The thought of the immense need for such a work overwhelmed her, and for two days she was ill. On the third day she scrambled out of bed and sent her answer to Geneva. Yes, she would. She had accepted work which only a noble, generous soul would have accepted in those circumstances.

Miss Jeppe soon had the help of two daring Armenians, who made journeys to the desert caravans and tents of wandering Moslem tribes to tell the captive Armenians that a rescue home had been started. But for four months she waited for the first refugee to appear; they were afraid to come. Then two sisters broke away from their captors, found their way to the home, and were overjoyed to find it a genuine place of refuge. After that they came in increasing numbers.

## Carrying On

It is not surprising that the home became a place of pilgrimage for Armenians from all parts of Europe who for eight or nine years had searched hopefully for their lost sons and daughters, brothers and sisters. In four years eleven hundred Armenians have been rescued, and three-quarters of them reunited to their families. It is increasingly difficult to trace those who are still captives, and the financial support of the League has been withdrawn, but Miss Jeppe declares her intention of carrying on for a year or so longer this precious work of healing a broken nation, after which she thinks the Armenians, safely settled on the land of Syria, will have picked up the torn threads of their national life again.



## A HEAP OF MAMMOTH BONES

### DISCOVERY THAT SETS MEN THINKING

#### Remarkable Suggestion of a Trap for Prehistoric Creatures HUNTERS AND ARTISTS TOO

A great discovery of mammoth remains at Vistonitz, in Moravia, is accompanied by mysteries and romantic theories which may furnish scientists with material for investigation and debate for a long time to come.

The discovery is due to Professor Karl Absolon, and his treasury is an incomparable charnel-house of mammoth bones. Buried about nine feet deep in clay, and covering an area of from 40 to 50 feet by 15 feet, lay tusks, teeth, vertebrae, and other bones, representing at least a score of mammoths.

#### Frozen for 100,000 Years

Investigations are proceeding in the expectation that the surrounding land may yield further riches of the same kind; but in the meantime it is interesting to speculate as to how such a mass of relics came to be collected on so small a spot.

Water, we know, can float even the bodies of mammoths in time of flood. We have found such remains in England, in caves to which inundations have carried them, and the boggy margins of Siberian and Russian rivers have engulfed hundreds of mammoths. Some, after being frozen for 100,000 years where they sank, have been found whole, the flesh undecayed, the hair attached, the last meal of vegetation undigested in the stomach.

#### The Cave Man as Hunter

But there can be no question of flood action in the assembling of this wonderful Moravian collection. Professor Absolon believes that the scene was a great pitfall for mammoths; that the mighty beasts were buried there, being destroyed on the spot, their flesh consumed, and the bones reserved for such purposes as might later present themselves.

But may there not be another explanation? Professor Absolon's trap could not have caught twenty mammoths at one time in one place. A modern elephant-pit is ten feet deep, ten feet long, and ten feet broad; and mammoths would require even greater accommodation.

Is it not more probable that these old cave men were more highly organised than we had imagined, and that they anticipated by thousands of years the famous elephant drives of Siam, where, for great distances, stockades are erected between two parallel lines of which a multitude of hunters drive herds of frightened elephants to a huge trap at the end of the artificial lanes? If this theory should prove correct it would alter our conception of the cave man's hunting methods.

#### The World's First Art

In any case, these Moravian hunters were artists as well as slaughtermen, for with the tusks and bones are carved works from their hands, among them ivory statuettes, which are described as masterpieces of prehistoric art.

What a picture it suggests: a slaughterhouse of the greatest creatures on Earth, mastered and slain by puny men, and, squatting among the mouldering bones, some naked Phidias, some hairy Michael Angelo, at work with a flint, scratching and carving the world's first works of art!

## TEN YEARS IN AUSTRALIA

### Progress and Prosperity

The latest statistics respecting Australia show the progress made in the ten years between 1915 and 1925.

Much the largest increase is in manufactures. The number of people employed in manufacturing processes has increased from 321,000 to 440,000; but those engaged in farming have decreased. The comparative values of the products of the Commonwealth are:

	1915	1925
Agriculture...	£76,000,000	£107,000,000
Pastoral .....	£66,000,000	£122,000,000
Dairying .....	£22,000,000	£45,000,000
Mining .....	£22,000,000	£25,000,000
Manufactures	£59,000,000	£138,000,000

Forests and fisheries have gone up from six to twelve millions.

It is clear that the increase in activities is chiefly in the towns, and that the figures do not point to any considerable flow of population toward the vast empty spaces of the continent.

## A LITTLE MORE HUMANITY

### But Why Only at Sea?

The C.N. hopes it will not be long before Parliament makes the use of humane killing instruments compulsory throughout the country.

The Government has now issued an order requiring ships bringing animals from overseas to carry humane killers. That is a step in the right direction, for animals at sea in rough weather suffer greatly in any case, and those injured beyond recovery should be put out of their misery as quickly and painlessly as possible.

But why only animals at sea? The humane killer has proved its value, and there is no longer any reason for leaving its adoption or rejection to the whim of local authorities.

## LITTLE ANZAC LAND

### How a School Built a Chapel

Here is a school story from New Zealand, from the Southwell Boys' School at Hamilton. The school needed a school chapel, but could not afford it. This is how it got it.

The headmaster had an idea and the boys carried it out. Every morning during term time for four years they made bricks of concrete, some thirty a day, 27,000 in all, and of these the chapel was built. The beams of the roof were made from blue gum trees growing in the grounds. The chapel bell, 100 years old, came from England.

Now the chapel is finished, and Archbishop Averill, who opened it, said no consecration service had ever given him so much pleasure. The chapel holds about a hundred.

## MEDALS FOR GOOD CITIZENS

Certainly one of the most happy and praiseworthy institutions in France is the bestowal of Long Service Medals on civilians for the efficient discharge of their duties.

Nearly seven hundred medals were recently distributed at the Paris Town Buildings, and the ballroom was brilliantly lighted for the occasion, while the band of the Republican Guard played as on the reception of a foreign ruler or distinguished visitor.

The medals were the same for big officials as for the humblest employees, and were tokens of the same honourable devotion to duty.

## MAKING GOOD AMERICANS

### Films for Immigrants IF LINCOLN HAD BEEN BORN ABROAD

One of America's great aims is to make good Americans out of her immigrants, and she is determined to begin at the beginning.

In the great liners that bring them across the Atlantic cinematograph shows are to be given calculated to arouse their enthusiasm for the institutions of their adopted country. The first of these was given on the Leviathan the other day after her arrival at New York, while the immigrants were waiting in quarantine.

The immigrants were welcomed by Mr. James Davis, Secretary for Labour, who told them that he was an immigrant forty years ago, having been born a Welshman, yet now he held the highest office a man who had been born abroad could reach in America.

Another speaker, Dr. Finley (an educator who has introduced the Children's Encyclopedia to America, where a million copies have been sold), drew an encouraging moral from a film of the life of President Lincoln. Lincoln, he said, spent only one year in school under five teachers. If he had been an immigrant instead of a native he would probably have been considered very unpromising material.

## THROUGH BEN NEVIS

### Why Men are Boring Our Highest Mountain

One of the longest tunnels in the world is being driven through the mountainous Lochaber district of Inverness.

This is to supply water-power to a great aluminium factory at Fort William, which will ultimately employ five thousand people.

The tunnel is to tap Loch Treig, 800 feet up among the mountains, and it will run fifteen miles under a spur of Ben Nevis itself. Its diameter will average fifteen feet, and liquid hydrogen and gelignite are being used to blast it out of the solid rock, after which it must be lined with concrete. About a mile and a quarter of the tunnel have now been completed, and the whole scheme will take three or four years more to carry through.

The tunnel emerges on the shoulder of Ben Nevis, and the fall of water thence to the level of Loch Linnhe will represent a pressure of 350 pounds a square inch, which turbines will convert into electricity. The Government is helping with a loan of two million pounds.

## THEIR NEED IS THEIR PASSPORT

### A Good Work Well Done

One of the most pleasing examples of good work well done that has reached us of late is shown in the annual report of the Nottingham Cripples' Seaside Home at Mablethorpe.

The founder of the home is Mr. George Sadler, of Alexandra Park, Nottingham. Mr. and Mrs. Sadler have carried on a Mission Service for Cripples in a Nottingham Council School, and in connection with it, assisted by a representative committee, they have for years been running a seaside home for cripples.

Before this season 809 cripples had enjoyed 1430 weeks of holiday there. The place is free from debt, and has an endowment of £1000, which Mr. Sadler is hoping to see raised to £10,000. Cripples of all ages are eligible, their need being their passport.

The only expense to the invited visitor is half-a-crown toward the cost of the railway fare. Then a fortnight's holiday follows. It is a form of good work delightful to contemplate.

## A GERMAN'S GOOD NAME IN PEACE AND WAR

### HINDORF OF USAMBARA

#### The Man Who Gave East Africa its First Coffee

### GERMANY AND BACKWARD LANDS

Although the Germans have not regained any of their lost colonies they are setting about the business of restoring their trade in the undeveloped parts of the world.

In this connection it is worth noting that a remarkable German administrator has now arrived in the Cameroons. He is Dr. Richard Hindorf, and a C.N. correspondent was privileged to have a few words with him on his way through London the other day.

#### Rubber Growing in West Africa

Dr. Hindorf is one of the greatest agriculturists living. It was he who first introduced coffee into East Africa, bringing the seed from Sumatra and Java, and planting it on his estate in the beautiful Usambara Mountains in what we now call Tanganyika, though it was then German East Africa. The plantation of sisal-hemp, which is likely to be one of the finest crops of East Africa, was also begun by Dr. Hindorf, who has now been called in as expert by a group of British officers who have taken up sisal-planting.

Dr. Hindorf, a handsome man of 63, has succeeded in buying back for some German companies a big plantation of over 6000 acres at Mukongé, and here he is going to create a big rubber-producing centre in the near future.

#### Peaceful Pursuits in War Time

The rubber plantation had been neglected, he told the C.N., for it was nobody's business to look after it, but the trees were still growing and the cocoa and oil palms were in excellent condition. It was a long and weary wait before the Germans could get the consent of the British Government to buy the property back, and for a time they were almost in despair. Now all is well, however, and Dr. Hindorf will have the happiness of restoring German colonial trade in West Africa while at the same time helping British agriculture in East Africa.

When the war broke out the Doctor was on his own estate in the Usambara. He was a captain in the Reserve, but the German commander stopped his army life and told him he would be more useful at his own work, planting food for the troops, growing cotton for their uniforms, and cultivating quinine for the medicine chest.

#### Back to Usambara

But after some time he was placed in charge of a war prisoners' camp at Liwale, which soon became a movable one as the fighting surged to and fro. When the German forces had to surrender in November, 1917, the British, Belgian, and Portuguese officers in his camp sent a deputation to Captain Hindorf with a letter for him to show his own captors. The letter stated that he had always treated his prisoners with the utmost kindness and consideration.

The South African General later sent for him and said: "Captain Hindorf, I hear you have been kind to our officers, and I want to make some return."

"It was nothing, General," replied the Doctor. "How should I treat my prisoners if not as I would wish to be treated myself?"

"Nevertheless," replied the General, "it is to your credit, and I would like to make some return to you. What would you like?"

There was nothing Dr. Hindorf desired more than to get back to his mountains, and back the good Doctor went to Usambara.



## THE GREAT LIFE OF A LITTLE LOST DOG

### SIMBA AND THE LION

#### Thrilling Adventure with a Man-Eater in a Masai Village

#### A NATURALIST IN THE WILDS

A little fox-terrier once got lost in London. It must have been a terrifying experience for her, yet it was a good thing. If she had not got lost she would have lived a humdrum life, dividing her time between walks in the park and a kennel in the area. Instead she lived to chase a rhinoceros and fight a lion, and a book has been written about her.

Mr. Cherry Kearton was going to Central Africa to kinematograph wild beasts in their native haunts, and the famous naturalist wanted a comrade to share the loneliness of jungle and veld. So he went to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, and from the lost dogs there he selected a black and white fox-terrier because she had wistful eyes and wagged her tail at him. He called her Pip.

#### The Rhino Unnerved

The ship which took them to Africa must have seemed a mysterious place to the London dog. Mr. Kearton says she probably thought it a kind of overgrown house of long passages. Whenever she turned to one side or the other she was stopped by an open fence, beyond which there seemed to be nothing at all.

Pip loved Africa. She scampered about like a mad thing in the big spaces. Whenever she saw a living creature she trotted up, yapping an invitation to play. If it ran she chased it. One day she saw a rhinoceros. Its bigness did not frighten her, and she gave it a playful nip on the leg. The rhino swung round with a snort, but Pip had danced round and nipped the other leg. A few minutes of this so puzzled the rhino that it became unnerved and galloped away. After that Pip never missed an opportunity of teasing rhinos. Once she chased a pair right out of sight. Two Somali horsemen volunteered to bring her back, and found her, exhausted, five miles from the place where the rhino hunt began.

#### Pip's Escapade

But, although Pip was so playful out of doors, she became a serious little watchdog in the tent at night, growling to warn her master of a prowling leopard or a wandering herd of buffalo.

One day the expedition came to a Masai village where the people were in terror from two man-eating lions. Eleven young warriors were setting out to hunt them down with spear and shield. Mr. Kearton decided to go with them and try to get a moving photograph of the royal beasts. Pip was tied up, but escaped, and arrived on the scene while spearmen were dancing round a thorn scrub from which the lions uttered fearful growls. Mr. Kearton caught her just in time and tied her up again.

#### A Strange Sight

Suddenly the lions determined to leave their shelter. One leaped at a spearman, but luckily he was mounted and his horse saved him, and the lion galloped on and was seen no more. The other dashed into the dry bed of a stream where there were many thorn bushes. He now ceased to growl, and no one knew where to look for him.

Mr. Kearton consented to let Pip show the natives where the lion was hiding. He imagined that she would smell the creature out and stand at a safe distance, barking at the bush where he lurked. But that was not Pip's way. She ran up and down sniffing, and then plunged straight into a bush. A frightful roar followed, so fearful and so near that all the men turned to run. But in a moment they recovered self-control, turned, and saw a strange sight.

## IS PORTUGAL SO BAD? Its Neglect of Education

A "full-blooded Briton" who has lived most of her life in Portugal rebukes the C.N. for quoting a statement that four-fifths of the Portuguese people are still unable to read and write, and that thousands of villages are still without schools.

Our correspondent does not deny a large degree of twentieth-century ignorance in the land which is England's oldest ally; but she disputes the percentage. She estimates that forty per cent of the people (not twenty) "have some knowledge of reading and writing." Every village has a school, she says, and education is "supposed to be" compulsory; but, she adds, "many children dodge school, and the parents are often averse to them learning, while few children from scattered cottages and farmhouses attend where the population is sparse."

#### A Significant Admission

We should be sorry to be unfair to Portugal; but this estimate of the national ignorance by one who has "a great affection for the country," and so is naturally inclined to make the best of its case before the outside world, is a most significant admission.

When we think of the splendid use made of education by other countries with scattered populations—countries like Norway, Switzerland, and Finland, which came later than Portugal into touch with the learning of civilisation—we feel that Portugal ought to see the sadness of the position to which she is reduced by her neglect.

## TOO MUCH MONEY IN AMERICA

### What Can She Do with It?

America is so prosperous just now that her taxes are bringing in more money than her expenditure requires, and Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, is wondering what to do with the surplus.

The ordinary thing, of course, would be to reduce taxation, but nobody knows how long the present prosperity will last, and the Government is unwilling to take off taxes which might have to be put on again a year or two later.

Though the American National Debt stood at four thousand million pounds last year it is not considered necessary to devote more than a hundred millions of the surplus toward paying it off, and Mr. Mellon is inclined to devote fifty millions to forgiving the income-tax payer some 15 per cent of the instalments due in the first quarter of 1927.

Another proposal is to allot twenty millions to paying the claims of private American citizens against Germany for damages during the war, for which reparation has not yet been paid. Some people are rather indignant at this idea, which means, they say, that America will pay for the sinking of the Lusitania!

Continued from the previous column

Pip had dashed straight up to the lion and seized his tail! The angry beast could not reach her as she swung this way and that, dodging his claws and never leaving go. While the lion thought only of the dog a native crept close and slew him.

There is a law among the Masai that he who can grasp the lion's tail shall have its mane, and the Masai Chief decreed that the mane should go to the little dog. He said, moreover, that the dog should henceforth be called Simba, which means the Lion, because of her great courage.

That is why Mr. Kearton's new book is called *My Dog Simba*. It is one of the stories of the year; it is published at 5s., by Arrowsmith; and it will be a capital book for everybody who is lucky enough to get it.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### The Hallowed Time

December 25, Christmas Day.

I know a man, and I can tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love, and at this moment millions of men would die for Him. Napoleon

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm—

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist. Tennyson

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### What is a Chinchilla Skin Worth?

From £12 to £25 according to its colour and size.

#### What is the Nth Degree?

N stands in mathematics for an indefinite number, and to the Nth degree means to any extent, or to the utmost.

#### What is Fog?

Fog consists of small drops of water condensed on tiny fragments of dust in the air. Hence the more smoky the atmosphere the more likely fog is to appear.

#### How Can the Earth be Said to Have Weight if it Floats in Space?

The correct term is that the Earth has mass. It is kept floating in space by a balance of forces, the attraction of the Sun, centrifugal force, and so on.

#### Have Birds Got Ears?

Yes; they have a regular auditory system, but the external ear is not pronounced. In some birds, however, like the owls, particular feathers are arranged round the opening of the ear and raised as an external ear.

#### Why Do the Leaves Fall in Autumn?

In order that the tree may live. The tree is dormant through the cold weather, and to prepare for this period it takes out of the leaves useful things which it needs for its own life. That is why the leaf changes colour, dies, and falls off.

#### Is it Darkest Just Before Dawn?

This is a popular belief which probably has no scientific justification. Light and darkness are relative terms, and probably the idea that it is darkest just before dawn is merely due to the effect upon our eyes, which are no true measurers of light.

#### What is a Ferment?

Ferments are organic substances that consume and change matter into other compounds. Their action is a kind of slow combustion, combustion being only the changing of substances into other substances, as when hydrogen is burned in air and combines with the oxygen to form water.

#### Will Man Ever Get a Message to Mars?

No one can say what are the possibilities of wireless, and it is quite likely that man will be able to send a message that will reach another planet, but whether any living being will be there to receive it, or, if there are living beings, whether they will interpret it as a message, is quite another question, to which no answer can be given.

#### Is the Milk of Coconuts Bought at Fairs Real Coconut Milk?

The name milk is misleading. The fluid in a coconut shell is a liquid, the business of which is to deposit the nutty part round the side of the shell. In other words, it is the mother liquid from which the hard, eatable part of the nut is derived. The nuts bought at shops and fairs with unbroken shells have the genuine liquid inside.

## A BEAUTIFUL STAR CLUSTER

### THE HYADES

Rose-Tinted Sun 32 Million  
Miles Across

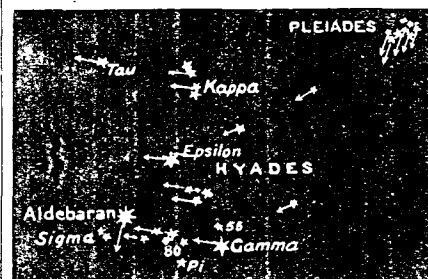
### GROUPING STARS INTO CONSTELLATIONS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great star cluster of the Hyades is, like the Pleiades, full of interest and one of the nearest of these marvellous aggregations of suns.

It will be readily found with the aid of the star map to the south-east of the Pleiades, being almost due south about 11 p.m. and south-east in the early evening.

The Hyades possess a great charm for naked-eye observers, for even without optical aid they present a remarkable variety of stellar wonders. The V-shape will be at once obvious, the rosy-tinted Aldebaran, the brightest star of the group, being unmistakable. But he is not actually part of the cluster, being merely in the line of sight; for, whereas Aldebaran is 3,700,000 times



The chief stars of the Hyades

as far off as our Sun, the cluster of the Hyades averages about 7,300,000 times, or twice as far as Aldebaran.

Moreover, Aldebaran is a totally different type of sun from those of the Hyades, being a giant sphere of whirling, glowing fire-mist. Its elements are all in a condition of fiery vapour less tangible than our atmosphere, but at a surface temperature of about 3000 degrees Centigrade, or half that of our Sun.

Such is the immensity of Aldebaran that it was possible to take an interferometer measurement of his disc, from which he was found to have a diameter of 32 million miles, or 37 times the width of our Sun.

Now, the suns of the Hyades are much farther advanced in stellar evolution than Aldebaran, having a surface temperature twice as great, or 6000 degrees Centigrade, about the same as our Sun. But they are very much larger, for were our Sun as far off he would be quite invisible to the unaided eye, and only about the seventh magnitude.

#### Festoons of Suns

Another difference is that Aldebaran is travelling through space in a direction almost due south as seen from our point of view; whereas the Hyades are travelling as a group all toward the east and at about the same speed. These directions are indicated by the arrows on the star map, which shows that the Hyades are of wide extent, far beyond the limits of the V.

It is by such means as these that astronomers are able to single out the various members of stellar congregations, and so gradually attain a clear conception of the order and marvellous arrangement of the various groups of suns which extend in myriads in every direction through illimitable space.

Seen through field or opera-glasses the spectacle of the Hyades is superb, many being arranged in pairs, curves, and festoons of suns. The stars marked 80 and 55 are actually binary stars—that is, double suns which revolve around one another; while Kappa, Tau, and Sigma are close pairs that may do so, together with many others in this region of stellar grandeur. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Mercury and Saturn in the south-east. In the evening Jupiter south-west, Mars and Uranus south.



## S.O.S.

CHAPTER 32  
The Monster

SAM grasped Jim and pulled him down among the long grass and tall weeds. He was only just in time, for the man ran by so close he almost trod on them.

"Watch that bush!" came a shout from the house.

"That's Gadsden," Jim said in Sam's ear.

"Yes, worse luck! Jim, they'll bring a light and they're bound to find us."

"Then we've got to get out first."

"We can't. That bush is the only way."

"Then we'll go by the bush," replied Jim curtly. "See here, Sam. You and I between us can tackle that chap."

"Ay, we might, but Gadsden will hear the row and be on us before we can finish the job."

"There won't be any row," whispered back Jim, and as he spoke he was wriggling out of his coat. "I'm going to get up behind him and chuck the coat over his head. You kick his legs from under him, and he'll never have a chance to make a sound."

Jim was already on his feet. There was just light enough to see the man, who was standing by the bush, peering up into it. Jim, bent double, stole toward him on tip-toe, and Sam followed closely. Just as Jim was almost within reach Gadsden's big voice came through the night:

"Can you see him, Harth?"

"No, sir," answered the man by the bush. "He ain't come this way." As he spoke Harth half turned, and at the same moment Jim jumped. But Harth must have caught the movement out of the tail of his eye, for he flung up one arm and the coat failed to cover his head. But Jim's whole weight, striking him full, upset his balance and knocked him flat. Jim came on top of him and, more by luck than management, Jim's knees took him in the small of the back, knocking the breath out of him, so that, instead of the yell he meant to give, the only sound he could make was a sort of croak.

Quick as a flash, Sam landed on him and, catching him by the back of the neck, pressed his face hard against the ground.

"The coat!" hissed Sam, and Jim swiftly wrapped it round Harth's head, then tied the sleeves tightly round his neck, while Sam, whipping a piece of cord from his pocket, pulled the man's wrists together behind his back and tied them. "He'll do!" he said breathlessly. "Up with you, Jim."

Jim simply dived into the bush. It was horribly thorny, but this was no time to worry about scratches or rents, and he scrambled frantically upward, followed closely by Sam. Jim saw the top of the wall opposite, and flung himself on to it. Just as he did so Harth got his head out of the coat and started yelling for help.

"They'll never call him *Silent* Harth after that," was the queer thought that flitted through Jim's mind as he balanced on top of the wall and turned to give Sam a hand.

"Never mind me!" panted Sam. "Get down quick! They're opening the gate."

It was a long drop, but Jim landed safely. Sam was not so lucky. He slipped as he reached the ground, and Jim heard him give a sharp little gasp.

"Hurt?" he questioned quickly. "Nothing to talk about," said Sam, struggling up. But when he tried to walk he limped badly. At this moment they heard the iron gate clang open.

"Come on!" said Sam. "They're after us."

"It's no good," said Jim. "You can't run. We've got to hide." As he spoke he saw a gate to the right. It belonged to the next house. He tried the latch, and to his great relief the gate opened.

The Wireless Mystery  
By T. C. Bridges

"In here, Sam," he hissed, and they bundled in and closed the gate behind them. "Here's a tree! A good thick one. If we get well up into it they'll never see us. Let me give you a hand."

"I can climb all right," said Sam. "It's only a rick. Hurts like anything, but it won't last long."

Just as Jim swung up to the first branch he heard a sound which made him shiver. It was a low, deep growl. Next instant two great eyes shining with green fire showed through the gloom. Sam saw them too, and he and Jim went up that tree like lamplighters. The tree was a shaddock, a sort of large orange tree, and the boughs were thick and matted. The boys twisted in and out among them until they were twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. They heard the growl again, a terrible sound.

"What is it?" muttered Sam.

"A dog?"

"It's too big for a dog," Jim answered. "I—I believe it's a panther."

"Come off it!" jeered Sam. "A panther right in the town!"

The brute, whatever it was, heard Sam's voice, and all of a sudden made a great spring upward and landed on one of the lower branches. Its weight was so great that it made the whole tree quiver.

"It is a panther!" gasped Jim.

CHAPTER 33  
Gadsden Comes Off Second Best

THE boys had no weapon, not even a stick, and it looked as if in trying to escape from Gadsden they had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. All they could do was to try to climb higher, but the branches were so matted that it was impossible to squeeze their way for more than a few feet. But the beast below was in similar trouble. They heard its great claws scrabbling on the bark as it tried to get at them; then, with a snarl, it fell backward, reaching the ground with a slight thud.

"It's too thick for it," gasped Jim gratefully. "We're all right, Sam."

"Shut up!" hissed Sam. "There's someone at the gate."

As he spoke there came the click of the lifted latch. This was followed instantly by a sound something between a snarl and a roar.

"The panther!" cried Jim. "He'll kill the chap!"

A terrified yell echoed his words, and the sound of a heavy fall.

"I told you so!" said Jim in a shaking voice; and started scrambling down.

Sam grabbed him. "You're crazy, Jim! Stay where you are."

Jim struggled. "Let go, Sam! I can't let the brute kill him."

"Pinto! Pinto!" came a voice out of the gloom. A tremendous voice, yet soft and rich and full of music.

From the great beast by the gate came a curious cry in answer. It was not a snarl or a growl, indeed it was not like any sound that Jim had ever heard from an animal's throat. A light flashed, and a man carrying an electric torch came hurrying through the trees toward the gate. Next moment the light fell upon the gate itself and on the gravel drive below.

Jim drew a quick breath. "It is a panther, Sam. And—and that's Gadsden himself beneath it."

"Pinto!" cried the newcomer again; and added some words in a deep, angry voice. At once the panther left its victim and, turning, went straight toward the newcomer.

This was a man of about thirty, not tall, but with a tremendous chest and huge shoulders. He was wearing a light velvet jacket, and his shirt-front, in which was a great pearl stud, shone white in the light of the torch. The panther, an enormous creature, at least twelve feet long from its head to the tip of its tail, nuzzled the man's hand.

"It's tame," muttered Jim.

"Ay, with its owner," answered Sam, "but not with strangers."

"I'm going down," said Jim. "It's all safe. The man is putting a chain on the beast."

Before Sam could object Jim had dropped to the ground. Pinto greeted him with a terrifying snarl, and the panther's owner wheeled sharply with a frown on his face. But when he saw that the intruder was only a slim boy, and a very ragged boy at that, his frown changed to a look of surprise.

"Do you speak English, Señor?" Jim began.

"But yes. I speak English. You then are English?"

"Yes, sir. My name is James Selby. This man," pointing to Gadsden, "shut me up in the next house, but my friend Sam Lusty got me out. We were chased, and took refuge in your garden."

The broad-shouldered man stared in surprise for a moment, then suddenly gave a great laugh.

"A play at my gate!" he exclaimed. "But this is most amusing."

Jim pointed to Gadsden. "That's no play, sir. Your panther has killed him."

The other laughed again.

"Killed! Indeed, no. Pinto has never killed anybody. He is like your British bulldog. He guards my garden and will knock down any intruder, but he does not kill."

"He's right," came Sam's voice; and Sam himself dropped out of the tree. "Gadsden's moving."

"Then we will let Pinto watch him while we send for the police," said their new friend.

Gadsden scrambled shakily to his feet. He pulled out a pistol. "I shall shoot that panther if it comes near me again," he said quietly; and much as Jim disliked the man he could not help admiring his cool pluck.

"Let me go," added Gadsden, "and you will hear no more of me—for the present."

The broad-shouldered man stepped forward. "Unless you are a dead shot, Señor, I should not advise you to fire at my pet, for if you did not kill him instantly he would most certainly kill you. And if he failed to do so I would hunt you to the ends of the Earth."

Gadsden stared back at the man. "Ah, I recognise you now; you are Señor Valda. I think you will be wise to let me go."

Jim started when he heard the name. "The great singer!" he exclaimed. "I have heard you on my wireless. I thought I knew your wonderful voice."

"Thank you, my boy," replied Valda. "That is charming of you. Well, it is for you to say whether your gaoler shall be allowed to depart."

Jim thought rapidly. If Gadsden were stopped, even if he did not shoot, it meant trouble with the police, a case in the courts, perhaps

a long delay in Rio. And there was no time to waste if Upton were to be rescued.

"Yes," he said quickly; "if he will give up my wireless, which is in his house, he can go."

CHAPTER 34  
Valda Has an Idea

VALDA himself went with the boys to recover the wireless set, and Gadsden watched them calmly as they took it away.

"I am interested," said Valda. "Will you two come to supper with me and tell me the story?"

"We'd like nothing better," said Jim longingly, "but my employer, Professor Thorold, will be searching the town for me."

"Where is he staying?"

"At the Alcazar," Jim told him.

"Then we will telephone to him, and I myself will drive you back later in my car."

When Valda had brought the boys into the hall of his beautiful house Jim saw his own reflection in a big silver-framed mirror, and started back.

"I can't come like this, sir," he said in a horrified voice.

Valda looked at him and laughed, for truly Jim was in a terrible mess. His clothes were in rags, his hair stood on end, and his face and hands were stained with green and black smudges.

"I think we can fix you, as our American friends say," he smiled. "Come to my dressing-room, and we will see."

Sam spoke.

"You might give him a drink first, sir," he told Valda. "Gadsden kept him all day without food or water, trying to make him give away our secrets."

Valda looked horrified, and at once rang a bell. A man came instantly, and in a minute Jim was putting away a great glassful of a delicious iced fruit drink.

A quarter of an hour later Valda and the two boys sat down to supper in a big, cool room, where a humming electric fan kept the air in motion. When they had finished Valda leaned back in his chair.

"Now, Selby, let us hear all about it," he said.

Jim looked at Sam.

"He ought to start, sir. I left him in England, and I'm dying to know how he got here."

"That's simple enough," said Sam. "The minute I'd seen you off, Jim, I told Aunt Sarah I was going; then I fetched your bike, rode off to Bude, and took the night train for Plymouth. I went to old Coaker's brother who lives in Silver Street, and through him got a job as cook's boy on the La Plata."

I thought it would be a good notion to keep an eye on Gadsden, and, as it turned out, I was just about right. I followed him ashore at Pernambuco, took the same train south as he did, and shadowed him and that beauty Harth until I found out what they were about. I'd have had Jim out sooner only I had to wait till it was dark."

"You're a nailer, Sam!" exclaimed Jim warmly. "You certainly pulled me out of a very bad hole."

"But what was the hole, Selby, and how did you get into it?" asked Valda. "So far it is all—how do you say?—Dutch to me."

So Jim began to talk, and very soon had made the situation clear to Valda. The great singer was vastly interested.

"The Hulas—yes, I have heard of them. I myself am Brazilian by birth, and I have read the Spanish and Portuguese records. So you are going to try to reach Hulak? Ah, but I wish I could go with you!"

"I wish you could, sir," said Jim warmly. "Anyhow, I am ever so much obliged for what you have done for us."

Valda waved his hand.

"It is nothing." He paused, then suddenly his face lighted up. "I have an idea," he said. "You wish to call up this Upton. I have here in my house a powerful set. Why should you not use it?"

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

## Topsy

EVER since Rosemary had been one year old she had loved a black doll made for her by her mother out of an old pair of stockings.

It was certainly not for her beauty that Rosemary loved her, because nobody could call her handsome. A black face, white linen buttons for eyes, and a heavily-darned head—she would not have appealed to every child. But to Rosemary she was far more than a doll, and never a night passed but Topsy came to bed with her. The first thing the little girl saw in the morning was her doll.

Once a year Rosemary's mother used to dress the black doll, but whether she was dressed in tartan or in muslin Rosemary loved her just the same.

Topsy certainly had an eventful life, and shared all the thrills of her mother's experiences. She joined in all the dormitory "rags" at school, and she always went home for half-term.

When Rosemary reached the age of twenty-one, with Topsy but a year her junior, they set sail for Kenya Colony. And here it was that Rosemary took unto herself an equally weird pet. A small lion cub named Leo was to share his mistress's affections.

He was as playful as a puppy, and he used to have great times chasing the other animals round the garden, but Topsy he always eyed suspiciously.

Then one night Leo fell from all virtue in the eyes of his mistress, and, try as he would, he was never quite able to regain her affection.

Rosemary had gone to a dance, having first tucked Topsy in bed and left instructions with the native servant to lock up Leo.

Some hours later she returned, and on going into her room immediately missed Topsy, and the bed certainly showed signs of a scrap.

Instantly Rosemary guessed what had happened, and, rushing into the garden, she went in search of Leo. But the cub was discreet enough to keep well out of his mistress's way, for perhaps he had guessed that Topsy was still prime favourite. Not a little frightened, he crouched behind the shrubs, watching his mistress look for him in vain.

It was not until next morning that he was found, and then Rosemary's temper had had time to cool. She had found poor Topsy, legless and badly damaged about the face. Nevertheless, Rosemary's mother thought she could repair her.

"To think," sighed Rosemary, "as much put about as a child, that I should have cared for her for twenty years, and then that this should have happened!"

"I think," replied her mother, "that it is rather an exciting thing to have happened to her, provided we can mend her, and it certainly adds to her life's experiences to have been mauled by a lion."

The Best Gift  
Books for Xmas

Any one of the jolly books mentioned below makes an ideal Christmas Present. They are all strongly bound with bright-coloured covers and many of the pictures are COLOURED too! Any newsagent or bookseller has them.

**PLAYBOX ANNUAL**  
**TIGER TIM'S ANNUAL**  
*For Very Little Children*  
**SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN ANNUAL**  
**SCHOOL FRIEND ANNUAL**  
*For Girls at School*  
**HOLIDAY ANNUAL**  
*For Boys and Girls at School*  
Price 6/- net each



December 18, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



# He is Rich that Wants Nothing



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Double Acrostic

IN this puzzle the initials and finals read downward give the names of two Scottish county towns. Here are the clues:

Expensive; a poem; a Burmese city; a number in French; used in a boat; a flower; empty. *Answer next week*

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



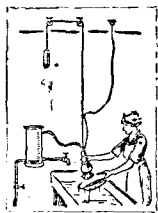
The Panolian Deer

The strange feature of this deer is its double horns, two of which point forward and two backward. Its home is in Burma and Siam.

### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**An Electric Dish-Washer.** This useful apparatus consists of a small electric motor to which is attached a brush that can be made to revolve freely. The shaft of the motor is hollow, and this may be connected by means of a flexible tube to the hot-water supply, thus enabling a constant stream of hot water to run through it as the brush revolves and the dishes are cleaned. The cable to which the apparatus is attached is counterweighted so that when not in use the cleaner is out of the way and yet quite handy.



**A Two-Colour Pen.** This pen will do the work of two. It has two nib-holders, one inside the other, which may be moved independently in and out of a metal sheath as required for use. It is thus possible to use two different coloured inks with the same pen.



**Next Week's Nature Calendar**  
CHAFFINCHES are now seen collecting in flocks. The marsh titmouse has begun to sing again, a welcome sound at such a silent season of the year. An occasional daisy is found flowering in sheltered situations. Most butterflies are now in the pupa stage, although some larvae may be found.



Looking South 9 p.m., Dec. 22

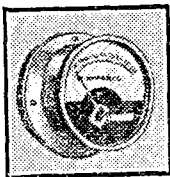
### Mistakes That Everybody Makes



Lightning never comes in zig-zag form, as shown in many pictures, but in a slightly wavy line.

### How the Ampère Got Its Name

THE ampère is the unit of measurement of an electric current; so that we say the strength of a current is so many ampères. The word is from the name of a French scientist, André Ampère, who was born at Lyons in 1775 and became a professor at the College of France. He wrote a number of learned books dealing with electricity.



### Six Good Sayings

THE desire to be clever often prevents us from becoming so. It is not enough to have talents; it is necessary to know how to manage them.

There are some reproaches which praise, and some praises which reproach.

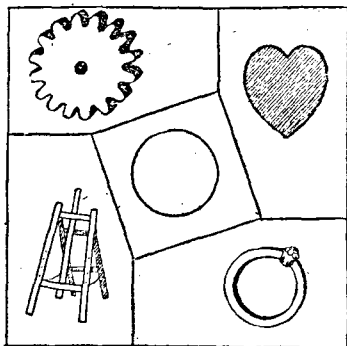
We all have sufficient courage to bear the ills of other people.

It requires more virtue to sustain good fortune than bad fortune.

When you cannot find repose in yourself it is useless to seek it in others.

La Rochefoucauld

### Bird, Beast, and Fish



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then by taking one letter from each word make the names of (1) a graceful bird, (2) a fierce animal of the jungle, (3) a freshwater fish.

Answer next week

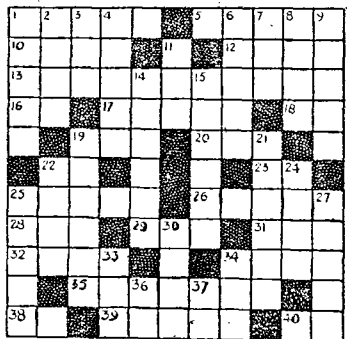
### Ici On Parle Français



La laitière Le serpent Le loup  
La laitière ira traire la vache  
Le serpent rampe sur la terre  
Le loup est un animal carnivore

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Practical wisdom. 5. Small fiery point. 10. Shakespeare's river. 12. A continent. 13. Truthfully. 16. Symbol for King Edward. 17. Japanese letters. 18. Part of Africa (abbrev.). 19. An enclosure. 20. Grass land. 22. Fourth note of scale. 23. Pages (abbrev.). 25. An award. 26. Slender candle. 28. Conjunction. 29. The day before. 31. A sign of the Zodiac. 32. Surrounded by water. 34. Kinds of lizard. 35. Frees. 38. Point of compass (abbrev.). 39. Containing nothing. 40. You and me.

**Reading Down.** 1. Put by. 2. Always. 3. Conjunction. 4. A reptile. 6. Hesitate. 7. Member of horse family. 8. To annoy. 9. Eskimo canoe. 11. Hog. 14. A light. 15. Granular limestone. 19. A kind of oar. 21. Fruits. 22. Marshy lands. 24. Furtive glance. 25. Letters and parcels. 27. Sweet-smelling flowers. 30. Improvised accompaniment. 33. River in Devon. 34. An enclosure for 11. 36. Printer's measure. 37. A student instructor (abbrev.).

## Jacko Cuts Down a Tree

JACKO always liked frosty weather. He thought it great fun when the roads were too slippery to walk on, and he couldn't understand why elderly people didn't agree with him.

"Who wants to sit over the fire all day?" he said contemptuously.

"We shall soon have no fire to sit over," said Mrs. Jacko, "for I've nearly run out of coal, and Mr. Coke tells me he can't send another load while the roads are so slippery."

That made Jacko think a bit. He was as fond of a good fire as anybody, although he didn't mind how cold it was out of doors. "Shan't we be able to have anything cooked?" he asked anxiously.

Mrs. Jacko said things weren't quite so bad as all that. "But we shall have to be careful with the coal," she added.



The Colonel was so angry he could hardly speak

Jacko simply hated being careful with the coal, as his mother called it. He had some chestnuts he wanted to roast, and during the next few days the fire was never quite right for them. And Mrs. Jacko made a fearful fuss if she ever saw him pick up a poker.

"The house isn't fit to live in," Jacko said crossly. "I'd sooner be out of doors." And off he went into the garden.

Suddenly his eye fell on a big fir tree, which he had always rather disliked because it was near the wall and blocked the view into old Colonel Chimp's garden.

"Coo! The very thing!" Jacko exclaimed. "I've never liked that tree, but I shouldn't wonder if it makes jolly good logs!" And he rushed into the house to see if he could find a saw.

That afternoon, when his father and mother had gone out, Jacko crept into the garden and began to cut down the tree. It was very hard work, but he cheered himself on by the thought of the lovely fire they would have that night.

"Won't the Mater be pleased when she sees all the logs?" he said to himself gleefully.

At last the tree began to sway; then it fell with a crash right across the wall and on to the side of Colonel Chimp's house.

That didn't worry Jacko a bit. He was just beginning to saw off some logs when there was an angry roar, and the Colonel poked his head up over the wall. He was as red as a turkeycock, and so angry he could hardly speak.

"What's the meaning of this?" he spluttered at last. "You've broken two of my windows!"

Jacko said he was sorry about the windows, but that he had had to cut down the tree for firewood.

"We must keep warm," he added, hoping that the old gentleman would be sympathetic.

But the Colonel was very far from being sympathetic.

"Keep warm, indeed!" he roared. "I'll certainly make it warm for you; in fact, I shouldn't be surprised if you find it a great deal too hot!"

### What Date is This?

A POET who in blindness wrote His work of greatest fame; Another who in Charles's reign Did make himself a name.

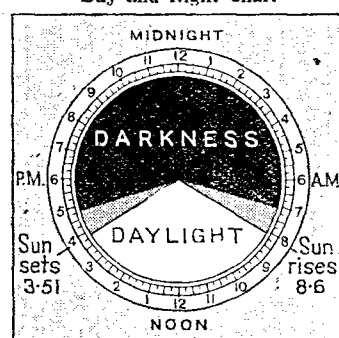
And one who is the "father" called Of English poetry; A Spanish poet who did write Almost from infancy.

The scolding wife of Socrates, Her name you surely know; The prince of Latin poets last We call on you to show.

Initials of these names you'll find In order written down Will give the date in which a plague Did rage in London town.

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



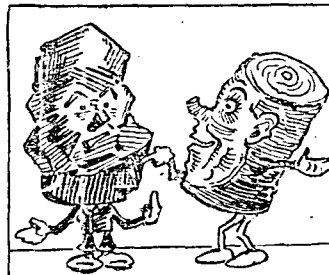
Darkness, twilight, and daylight on December 22, the shortest day.

## DI MERRYMAN

### Not Poaching After All

"You can't fish here," said the landowner; "this lake is private property. I stocked it myself." "What with?" asked the fisherman. "Trout," said the landowner. "That's all right, then," replied the fisherman; "I'm fishing for pike," and he went on with his fishing.

### Come-Alive Characters



### A Burning Question

"As fuel," bragged the Lump of Coal,

"You simply are not in it. I last and give a cheerful glow— You blaze out in a minute."

"Of your importance," said the Log, "You take a view too rosy."

When in the Coal Strike you were scarce, Who helped to keep folks cosy?"

### Not Like the Rest

A BIG Red Indian asked an American farmer for work.

"You Indians always get tired," was the reply.

"But I'm not like the rest; I never get tired," said the Indian; so the farmer engaged him.

Later he found him asleep.

"Hi, wake up!" he cried. "I thought you never got tired."

"And I never do," replied the Indian gently. "I always take care to have sufficient rest."

### His Consolation

QUOTH a Wart-Hog of hideous mien, "People say I'm not fit to be seen."

But mere beauty is cheap, For it's only skin-deep, So I'd rather be ugly, I ween!"

### In the Battle Front

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, hearing that one of his soldiers had taken his name, sent for him and said:

"Thou wishest to bear my name? I consent. But in the battle front remember that thy name is Alexander."

Why is a horse more clever than a fox?

Because a horse can run when he is in a trap, and a fox can not.

### The Old Gentleman's Hat

AN old gentleman who was searching for his hat the other day was profuse in his thanks to the man who pointed out that it was on his head.

"But for you, sir," he said, "I should have had to go without it."

### The Man Who Did Wrong

SOMEONE proposed to Tasso that he should avenge himself on a man who had done him wrong.

"I do not wish (said the kindly poet) to take away either his wealth, his life, or his honour, but his ill-will."

### Is Your Name Killin?

THE surname Killin may simply come from the Highland Scottish place-name. More probably it comes, like Kilner, from kiln, Latin culina, kitchen. A great many surnames come from the domestic employment of their first holders in their overlord's household.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### A Puzzle in Rhyme

(1) Lantern; (2) Correggio

#### The Broken Proverb

Time and tide wait for no man

#### Anagrams

Best in prayer; no more stars; great helps; it's in charity.

#### Changeling

Fire, fare, bare, barn, burn  
What Am I? A needle.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

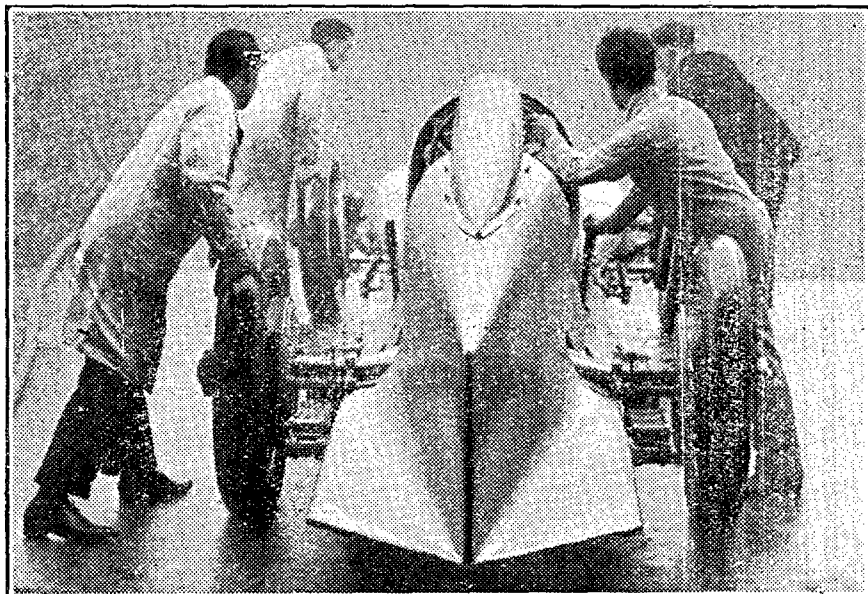
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 18, 1926

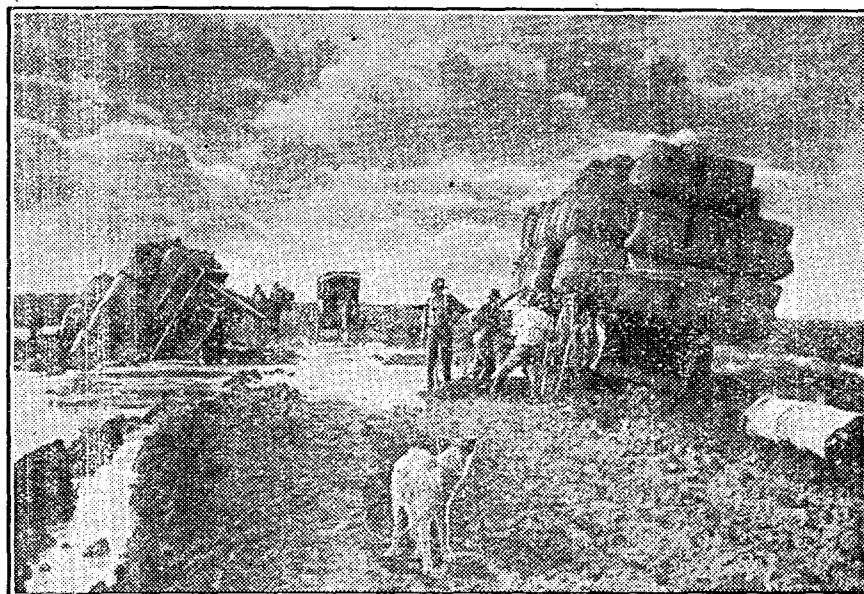
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

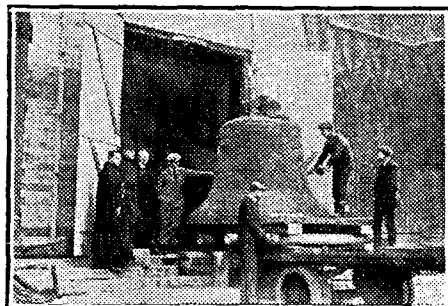
## YORK'S BIG BELL • A MONKEY'S OVERCOAT • MEASURING LONDON'S RAIN



**The Tail of a Racing Car**—This new British car will be used in an attempt to beat the world's speed record, and, as we see, the narrow body has a tail something like that of a fish



**Australian Transport Difficulties**—This is an unusual scene in New South Wales, where rain is scarce. After a heavy downpour two wagons loaded with wool have stuck in the mud



**Great Peter of York**—When Great Peter was removed for recasting part of the entrance of York Minster had to be cut away. Here we see the great bell being moved on to a motor-lorry



**Sawing Through a Cathedral Porch**—These men are sawing away a pillar to allow Great Peter to pass through the doorway of York Minster



**A Cold Day at the Zoo**—This orang-utan lives in a comfortably-heated cage at the London Zoo, but the other day he wrapped himself up in straw, as seen in this picture, possibly because he saw visitors outside his cage wearing thick overcoats and furs



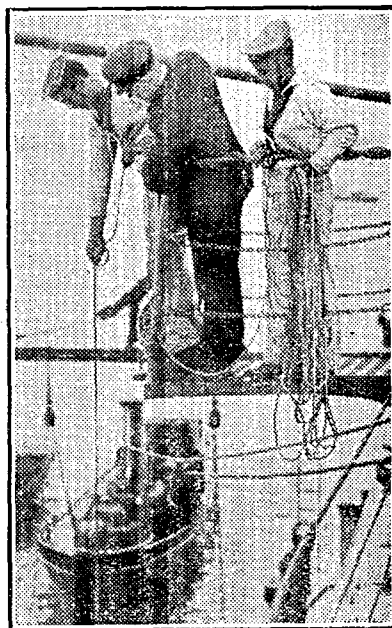
**An Animal Expert**—Miss Edith Harriott, who is here seen examining a horse's teeth, has won the cattle-judging competition between the Young Farmers' Clubs of England and the United States



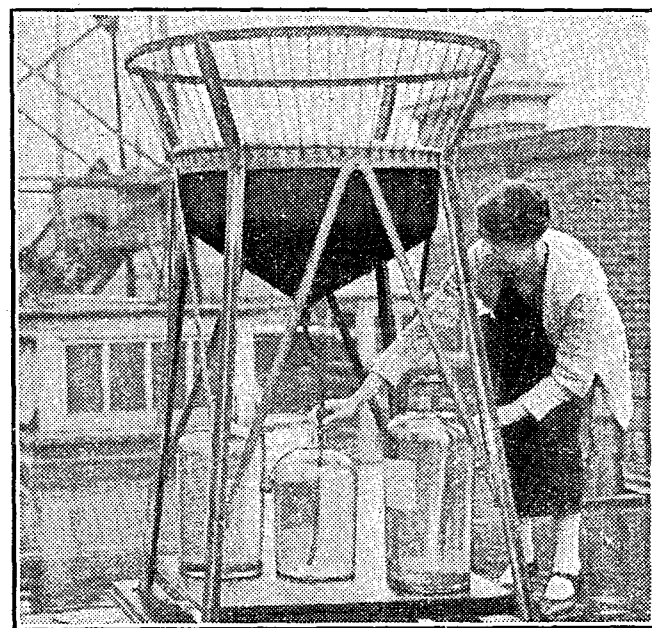
**Walking-Sticks from Cabbage Stems**—Cabbages grow over 12 feet high in Jersey, and the stems are made into walking-sticks, as seen here



**Gorilla Hunted for Ten Months**—This huge gorilla, seven feet high, was run down after it had been tracked for ten months in the Cameroons district of Central Africa. It was the largest gorilla ever killed, a full-grown one being too strong and fierce to be captured alive



**A Lesson in Seamanship**—These boys are learning to take soundings on the battleship Iron Duke, which has returned to Weymouth after long service abroad



**Measuring London's Rainfall**—Last month was the wettest November for sixty years, and in this picture we see a member of the staff at the Meteorological Office, Kensington, placing an empty glass jar under the rain-gauge, after two of the big jars had been filled

## THE LAND WITH EVERYTHING BUT MEN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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